THE PARADICE

of Dainty Deuiſes.

Containing ſundry pithie precepts, learned
Counſailes and exellent Inuentions: right
pleaſant and profitable for all eſtates

Deuiſed and written for the moſt parte by
M. Edwardes, ſometime of her Maieſties Chappell: the reſt by
ſundry learned Gentlemen both of Honor and
Worſhip, whoſe names heer-
after followe.

Whereunto is added ſundry new Inuenti-
ons, very pleaſant and delightfull.

AT LONDON
Printed by *Edward Allde* for *Edvvard White*
dwelling at the little North doore of Saint Paules
Church, at the ſigne of the Gunne.
Anno. 1596.

The names of thoſe who wrote
theſe deuiſes.

Saint Barnard.	Iaſper Haywood.
E. O.	F. Kindlemarſhe.
Lord Vaux the Elder.	D. Sande.
W. Hunnis.	M. Ylope.

The translation of the blessed S. Barnardes

Verses containing the vnstable felicitie of this wauering world.

Cur mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur eius potentia, quàm vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

Why dooth each state apply it selfe to worldly praise:
And vndertake such toyle to heape vp honors gaine:
Whose seat though seeming sure on fickle fortune stais,
Whose gifts were neuer prooued perpetuall to remaine:
But euen as an earthen pot, with euery fyllip failes:
So Fortune fauour flits, and Fame with Honour quailes.

Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacie, quàm mundi fragilis, vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in præmijs, virtutis specie, quæ nunquã habuit, tempus fiduciæ.

Thinke rather firme to finde, a figure grauen in Ice,
Whose substance subiect is to heate of shining Sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay in wanton worlds deuice,
Whose famed fond delights, from falshoodes forge do come.
And vnder vertues vaile are largely delt about,
Deceiuing those who thinke their date will out.

Magis credendum est viris fallacibus, quàm mundi miseris prosperita-
Falcis insanijs & voluptatibus, falisque studijs et vanitatibus. (tibus,

The trifling truthlesse tongue of rumours lyinḡ lippes,
Deserues more trust then dooth the highest happy hap:
That worlde to worldlings giues, for see how honour slippes,
To foolish fond conceits, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studies false in proofe, to artes applied to gaine,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wisedome deemeth vaine.

Dic vbi *Salomon* olim tam nobilis, vel vbi *Sampson* est, dux inuincibilis,
Vel dulcis *Ionathas* multũ amabilis, vel pulcher *Absolon* vultu mirabilis

Where is the sacred King that Salomon the wise?
Whose wisdome former time of ductie did commend:
Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arme did cause, the mightie pillers bend.

Where

Where is the peereles Prince the friendly Ionathas?
Or Abſolon whoſe ſhape and fauour did ſurpaſſe?

Quo *Cæſar* abiit? celſus imperio, vel diues ſplendidus, totus in prandio,
Dic vbi *Tullius* claris eloquio, vel *Ariſtotelus* ſummus ingenio.

Where is that Cæſar now, whoſe high renowned fame,
Of ſundrie conqueſts wonne throughout the worlde did ſound?
Or Diues rich in ſtore, and rich in richly name,
Whoſe Chiſt with golde, and diſh with dainties did abound?
Where is the paſſing grace of Tullies pleading ſkill?
Or Ariſtotles vaine, whoſe pen had wit and will?

O eſca verminum, ô maſſa pulueris, ô ros, ô vanitas cur ſic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus vtrum cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus quã diu poteris

O foode of filthie worme, oh lumpe of loathſome clay,
O life full like the dew, which morning Sunne dooth waſte
O ſhadowe vaine: whoſe ſhape with Sunne dooth ſhrinke away,
Why gloriſt thou ſo much in honour to be plaſte?
Sith that no certeine howre of life thou dooſt enioy:
Moſt fit it were thy time in goodnes to imploy.

Quẽ breue feſtum eſt hæc mundi gloria, vt vmbra hominũ ſic eius gaudia,
Quæ ſemper ſubtrahit æterna primia, & ducunt hominum ad dura deuia.

How ſhort a banquet, ſeemes the pompe of high renowne?
How like the ſenceleſſe ſhape of ſhiuering ſhadowes thin
Are wanton worldly toyes? whoſe pleaſure plucketh downe
Our harts from hope, and handes from workes, which heauen ſhould win
And takes vs from the trode which guides to endleſſe gaine,
And ſets vs in the way, that leades to laſting paine?

Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, ſacris in litteris, flos fœni dicitur
Vt leui folium quod vento rapitur, ſic vita hominum, hac vita tollitur.

The pompe of worldly praiſe, which worldlings hold ſo deere,
In holy ſacred booke, is likened to a flowre:
Whoſe date doeth not containe, a weeke, a month, a yeere,
But ſpringing now, dooth fade againe within an howre.
And as the lighteſt leafe, with winde about is throwne,
So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS.

Of Daintie Deuiſes.

1. Our pleaſures are but vanities.

BEholde the blaſt, which blowes the bloſſomes from the tree,
The end whereof, conſumes and comes to nought we ſee:
Ere thou therefore be blowne from life that may not laſt,
Begin for grace to call, for time miſpent and paſt.

Haue minde on brittle life, whoſe pleaſures are but vaine,
On death likewiſe bethinke, how thou ſhalt not remaine:
And feare the Lord to greeue, which ſought thy ſoule to ſaue,
To ſinne no more be bent, but mercy aſke and haue.

For death who dooth not ſpare, the Kinges on earth to kill,
Shall reape alſo from thee, thy pleaſure, life, and will.
That life which yet remaines, and in thy breſt appeares,
Hath ſowen in thee ſuch ſeedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that ſhall ſucceede, when death is worne and paſt,
Shall ſpring for euer then in ioy or paine to laſt:
Where death on life, hath power ye ſee, that life alſo,
Hath mowen the fruits of death, which euermore ſhall grow.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis*

2. Who waiteth on this wauering world, and vieweth each eſtate,
By triall taught ſhall learne it beſt, to liue in ſimple rate.

AMid the vale the tender ſhrub is hid from all miſhappe,
When taller trees that ſtands aloft, is rent with thunder clappe.
The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with euery blaſt,
Soone ſhiuerd are their ſtones with ſtorme, and quickly ouer caſt.
Beſt bodied tree in all the wood for timber beame is found,
And to the are the ſturdieſt Oke, doth yeelde and fall to ground.
The higheſt hill dooth ſooneſt feele, the flaſh of lightnings flame,
And ſoone decayes the pompe and pride, of high renowned name.
Of all the heard the Huntſman ſeekes, by proofe as dooth appeare,
With double forked arrow head, to wound the greateſt Deere.
The haughtieſt head of all the droue, enioyeth the ſhorteſt life,
And ſtaines the ſlaughter houſe with blood, at pricke of Butchers knife.
Thus what thing higheſt place attaines, are ſooneſt ouerthrowne,
What euer Fortune ſets aloft, ſhe threats to throw it downe.
And though no force reſiſt the power, and ſeeke thee to confound,

Yet

Yet doth the praise of waightie thinges, decline it selfe to ground.
For restles tipe of rowling whæle, example hath it tride:
To heauy burden yælde it must, full sone and slip aside.
What vailes the rich his bed of Downe, the sighes for slæpelesse thought,
What time in couch of flocke, the poore slæpes sound and feareth nought.
At homely boorde his quiet foode, his drinkes in træne be tane,
When oft the proude in cuppes of golde, with wine receiue their bane.
The bed, the bourde, they dræd in doubt, with traine to be oppress,
When Fortune frownes, their power must yælde, as wier vnto the wrest.
Who so thou be that sits a lowe, and tread the valleyes path,
Thou nædes not feare the thunder boltes, of myghtie Ioue his wrath.
If Icarus had not presumde, too high to take his flight,
He had not yet borne drounde in Seas, that now Icarion hight.
If Phæton had not enterprised to guide his fathers seate,
His fyers had not enflamed the world, nor bæn destroyed with heat.
But who so clines aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
The higher vp, the soner downe, and nearer his decay.
Then you that bære in pompe are plast to guide the golden Mace,
Let Crowne and Scepter both obey, the meane of vertues race.
For neither shall renowned vertue, see the pitte of hell,
Nor yet in tombe of Marble stone, she shall abide to dwell.
And in that tombe full brauely deckt, when that she shall departe,
God send her rest and all things well, according to desart.
But from the sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
And glistering in the blissfull starres, she raignes with mightie Ioue.

FINIS. Iasper Haywood.

3. The perfect triall of a freend.

NOt stayed state, but fæble stay, not costly robes, but bare array,
Not passed welth, but present want, not heaped store, but slender scant,
Not plenties purse but poore estate, not happie hap, but froward fate.
Not wish at will, but want of ioy, not hearts good health, but hearts annoy
Not fredomes vse, but prisoners thrall, not costly seate, but lowest fall.
Not weale I meane, but wretched woe, doth truely try the friend from foe,
And nought but froward fortũe proues, who fauning faines, or simply loues

FINIS. M. Yloop.

4. Being asked the occasion of his white head, he answered thus.

WHere sighing sighes, and sorow sobbes,
Hath daine the lippes that Nature set;

And

And ſcalding ſhowers, with ſtonie throbbes,
The kindly ſap from them hath fet.
What wonder then though that you ſee,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Where thought hath thrilde & thrown his ſpeares
To hurt the hart that harm'th him not:
And groning griefe hath groand forth teares,
Mine eyes to ſtaine my face with ſpot,
What wonder then though that you ſee,
Upon my head white haires to be.

When pinching paine himſelfe hath plaſte,
There peace with pleaſure were poſſeſt,
And where the walles of wealth lay waſte,
And pouertie in them is preſt.
What wonder then though that you ſee,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Where wretched woe will weaue her webbe,
Where Care the clew will catch and caſt,
And floods of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So low, that life may not long laſt.
What wonder then though that you ſee,
Upon my head white haires to be.

Theſe haires of age are meſſengers,
Which bid me faſt, repent, and pray,
They be of death the Harbengers,
That dooth prepare and dreſſe the way,
Therefore I ioy that you may ſee,
Upon my head ſuch haires to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They ſay my youth is fled with ſtrength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may ſee,
Upon my head ſuch lines to be.

They be the ſtringes of ſober ſound,
Whoſe muſicke is hermonicall
Their tunes declare a time, from ground
I came, and how thereto I ſhall.
Wherefore I ioy that you may ſee,
Upon my head ſuch ſtringes to be.

God graunt all thoſe that white haires haue,
No worſe them take then I haue ment:
That after they be layd in graue,
Their ſoules may ioy their liues well ſpent.
God graunt likewiſe that you may ſee,
Upon your head ſuch haires to be.

FINIS. W. H.

5. Beware of had I wiſt.

BEware of had I wiſt, whoſe fine bringes care and ſmart:
Eſteeme of all as they deſerue, and deeme as deem'd thou art.
So ſhall thy perfect freend, enioy his hoped hire,
And faithleſſe fauning foe ſhall muſſe, th'effect of his deſire.
Good will ſhall haue his gaine, and hate ſhall heape diſpight,
A faithleſſe friend ſhall finde diſtruſt, and loue ſhall reape delight:
Thy ſelfe ſhall reſt in peace, thy freend ſhall ioy thy fate,
Thy foe ſhall fret at thy good hap, and I ſhall ioy thy ſtate.
But this my fond aduice, may ſeeme perchaunce but vaine,
As rather teaching how to loſe, then how a friend to gaine.
But this not my intent, to teach to finde a freend,
But ſafely how to loue and liue, is all that I intend:
And if you proue in part, and finde my counſell true,
Then wiſh me well for my good will, tis all I craue: adue.

FINIS. *My lucke is loſſe.*

6. M. Edwardes may.

WHen May is in his prime, then may each heart reioyce,
when May bedecks each branch with greene, eache bird ſtraines (forth his voice:
The liuely ſap creepes vp, into the bloming thorne,
The flowers with cold in priſon kept, now laughes the froſt to ſcorne.
All Natures Impes triumphes whiles ioyfull May doth laſt,
When May is gone of all the yeare the pleaſant time is paſt.

May makes the cheerefull hue, May breads and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes the merry mood,
May pricketh tender hartes, their warbling notes to tune:
Full ſtraunge it is yet ſome we ſee, do make their May in June.
Thus thinges are ſtrangely wrought, whiles ioyfull May dooth laſt,
Take May in time, when May is gon: the pleaſant time is paſt.

All yee that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May as I doe now, and vſe your May with ſkill.
Vſe May while that you may, for May hath but his time:
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Your liking and your luſt is freſh while May dooth laſt,
When May is gone, of all the yeere the pleaſant time is paſt.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

7. Faire wordes makes fooles faine.

IN youthfull yeeres, when firſt my yong deſires began,
To pricke me foorth to ſerue in Courte, a ſlender tall yong man,
My fathers bleſſing then I aſked vpon my knee:
Who bleſſing me with trembling hande, theſe wordes gan ſay to mee.
My ſonne God guide thy way, and ſhield thee from miſchaunce,
And make thy iuſt deſerts in Courte, thy poore eſtate t'aduaunce.
Yet when thou art become, one of the Courtly traine:
Think on this Prouerb old (quoth he) that faire wordes make fooles faine.

This counſaile gradely giuen, moſt ſtraunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainely ſee.
What ſubtill ſlights are wrought, by painted tales deuiſe,
When hollow heartes with friendly ſhewes, the ſimple do entiſe.
To thinke all golde that ſhines, to feede their fond deſire:
Whoſe ſhiuering colde is warmde with ſmoke, in ſtead of flaming fire.
With talke of tickle truſt, dooth breede a hope moſt vaine:
This Prouerb true by proofe I finde, that faire wordes make fooles faine.

Faire ſpeech alway dooth well, where deedes enſue faire wordes,
Faire ſpeech alway againe dooth euill, that buſhes giue for birdes.
Who hopes to haue faire wordes, to trye his luckie lot,
If I may counſaile, let him ſtrike it whiles the Iron is hot.

But them that fæde on cloddes, inſtæde of pleaſant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke ſtill gapes,
Full loth I am, yet muſt I tell them in wordes plaine,
This prouerb old proues true in them, that faire wordes make fooles faine.

Woe worth the time that wordes ſo ſlowly turne to dædes,
Woe worth the time that faire ſwæt flowers are growne to rotten wædes
But thriſe woe worth the time, that trueth away is fled,
Whercin I ſæ how ſimple hartes, with wordes are vainely fed.
Truſt not faire wordes therefore, where no dædes do inſue,
Truſt wordes as ſkilfull Faulkners doo truſt Haukes that neuer flue,
Truſt dædes, let wordes be wordes, which neuer wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wiſe, and let wordes make fooles faine.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes,*

8. In his extreame ſickneſſe.

WHat græus my bones, and makes my body faint?
What prickes my fleſh, and teares my head in twaine?
Why doo I wake, when reſt ſhould mæ attaint
When others laugh why do I liue in paine?
I tolle, I turne, I change from ſide to ſide,
And ſtretch me oft, in ſorrowes linckes betide.

I tolle, as one be toſt in waues of care,
I turne to flye the woes of lothſome life:
I change, to ſpie if death this corpes might ſpare,
I ſtretch to heauen to rid me of this ſtrife.
Thus doo I ſtretch, and change, and tolle, & turne
While I in hope of heauen my life doo burne.

Then holde thæ ſtill let be thy heauineſſe
Abolish care, forget thy pining woe:
For by this meanes ſoone ſhalt thou finde redreſſe,
When oft be toſt, hence thou to heauen muſt goe.
Then tolle and turne, and tumble frank and frée,
O happie thriſe, when thou in heauen ſhalt be.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

9. For

9. *For Chriſtmas day.*

Reioyce, Reioyce, with hart and voice,
In Chriſtes byrth this day reioyce.

FRom Virgins womb this day did ſpring,
The precious ſeede that onely ſaued man:
This day let man reioyce, and ſweetly ſing,
Since on this day ſaluation firſt began.
This day did Chriſt, mans ſoule from death remoone,
With glorious Saintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man came loue and vnitie:
This day mans greefe began for to surceaſe,
This day did man receaue a remedy.
For each offence and euery deadly ſinne,
with giltie hart that erſt he wandred in.

In Chriſtes flock, let loue be ſurely plaſte,
From Chriſtes flock, let concord hate expell:
Of Chriſtes flock, let loue be ſo embraſte,
As we in Chriſt, and Chriſte in vs may dwell.
Chriſte is the author of Vnitie,
From whence procæedeth all felicitie.

O ſing vnto this glittering glorious king,
O praiſe his name, let euery liuing thing:
Let heart and voice, like Belles of ſiluer ring,
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let lute, let Shalme, with ſound of ſweet delight,
The ioy of Chriſtes birth this day reſight.

FINIS. *F. Kindlemarſh.*

10. For Eaſter day.

AL mortall men this day reioyce, in Chriſt that you redeemed hath,
By death with death ſing we with voyce, to him that hath appeaſde
Gods wrath.
Due vnto man for ſinfull path, wherein before he went a ſtray,
Giue thankes to him with perfect faith, that for man kinde hath made
this glorious day.

This day he rose frō tombe againe, wherein his p:ecious co:pes was laid,
whom cruelly the Iewes had slaine, with bloody woundes full ill araid.
O man be now no moze dismaide, if thou hence fo:th from sinne do stay,
Of death thou nædest not to be afraide Chzist conquered death fo:
this his glo:ious day.
His death p:euailed had no whit, as Paule the Apostle well doth wzite,
Ercept he had vp:aised it, from death to life by God like might:
With most triumphant glittering light.
This day his glo:ie shined I say, and made vs b:ight as Sunne
this glo:ious day.
O man arise with Chzist therfo:e, since hee from sinne hath made thée frée,
Beware thou fall in sinne no mo:e, but rise as Chzist did rise fo: thée.
So maiest thou him in glo:ie sée, when he at day of Dome shall say,
Come thou my childe and dwell with me, God graunt vs all to sée
that glo:ious day. FINIS. *Iasper Haywood.*

11. For Whitsonday.

COme holy Ghost eternall God, and cease the wofull gréefe,
That th:ough the heapes of heauy sinne, can no where finde relieue.
Do thou O God red:esse,
The great distresse,
Of sinfull heauinesse.

Come comfo:t the afflicted thoughtes of my consumed heart,
O rid the pearcing paines of my to:menting smart.
O holy Ghost graunt me,
That I by thee,
From sinne may purged be.

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
No: glittering golde, no: p:ecions stones, shall make me leaue thy lawes,
O teach me then the way,
Whereby I may,
Make thee my onely stay.

My lippes, my tung, my heart, and all shall sp:ead thy mightie name,
My voice shall neuer cease to sound, the p:aises of the same.
Yea euerie liuing thing,
Shall sweetly sing,
To thee (O heauenly king.) Finis. *F. K.*

12. No pleaſure without paine.

SWeete were the ioyes, that both might like and laſt,
Strange were the ſtate, exempt from all diſtreſſe,
Happie the lyfe, that no miſhap ſhould taſte,
Bleſſed the chaunce might neuer change ſucceſſe.
Where ſuch a life to lead, or ſtate to proue,
Who would not wiſh that ſuch a life were loue.

But O the ſowrie ſawce of ſweet vnſure,
When pleaſures flye, and flye with waſte of winde:
The truſtleſſe traines, that hoping hearts alure,
When ſweete delights, do but alure the minde.
When care conſumes and waſtes the wretched wight,
While fancie feedes and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?
But O that paine with pleaſure matcht ſhould meete:
Why did the courſe of Nature ſo ordaine,
That ſugred ſowre muſt ſauce the bitter ſweet?
Which ſowre from ſweet might anie meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life were like to loue?

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

13. Who mindes to bring his ſhip to happy ſhore,
Muſt care to know the lawes of wiſdomes lore.

My freend, if thou wilt credit me in ought,
To whom the trueth by triall well appeares:
Nought worth is wit, till it be deerely bought,
There is no wiſdome but in hoarie haires.
Yet if I may of wiſdome ought define,
As well as others haue of happineſſe,
Then to my wordes my freend thy eare incline,
The things that make thee wiſe are theſe I geſſe.

Feare God and knowe thy ſelfe in each degree,
Be freend to all, familier but to fewe:
Too light of credit ſee thou neuer bee,
For triall oft in truſt dooth treaſon ſhewe.
To others faults caſt not too much thy eyes,

Accuſe

Accuſe no man of guilt, amend thy owne,
Of medling much dooth miſchiefe oft ariſe,
And oft debate by tickle tung is sowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hid, to none declare
In word or deede beware of had I will,
So spend thy good that some thou neuer spare,
For freendes like Haukes do soare from emptie fist,
Cut out thy Coat according to the cloath,
Suspected persons see thou alwaies flee
Beleeue not him that once hath broke his troath,
Nor yet of gift, without desart be free.

Time quickly slippes, beware how thou it spend,
Of wonton youth repents a painefull age,
Begin nothing without an eye to th'end,
Nor bow thine eare from counsaile of the sage.
If thou too farre let out thy fancie slippe,
And witlesse will from reasons rule out start,
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And sore the stripes of shame shall cause thee smart.

To do too much for olde men is but lost,
Of frendship had to women come like gayne,
Bestow not thou on children too much cost,
For what thou doost for these is all in vaine.
The old man or he can requite he dies,
Unconstant is the womans wauering minde:
Full soone the boy thy freendship will dispise,
And him for loue thou shalt ingratefull finde.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the reede that waggeth with the winde:
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
And of the three, the boy is most vnkinde.
If thou haue found a faithfull freend indeede,
Beware thou loose not loue of such a one:
He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,
Then treasure great, of golde or precious stone.

FINIS. *Iesper Haywood.*

14. Of the vnconſtant time of Fortunes giftes.

IF Fortune be thy ſtay, thy ſtate is very tickle,
She beares a double face, diſguiſed, falſe and fickle.
This day ſhe ſeems to ſmile, to morrowe will ſhe frowne:
What now ſhe ſets aloft, anon ſhe throweth downe.
Flye Fortune, flye deceit, let vertue be thy guide,
If that you doo intend, in happie ſtate to abide.

Upon the ſetled rock, thy building ſureſt ſtands,
Away it quickly weares that reſteth on the ſandes.
Dame Uertue is the rocke, that yeelds aſſured ſtay,
Dame Fortune is the ſand that ſcowreth ſoone away.
Chooſe that is certeine, let things vncerteine paſſe,
Preferre the precious golde, before the brittle glaſſe.

Sly Fortune hath her ſlights, ſhe playes vpon the pack
Look whom ſhe fauors moſt, at length ſhe turns to wrack.
But Uertue ſimply deales, ſhe ſhunnes deceitfull traine,
Who is by Uertue raiſed vp, ſhall neuer fall againe.
Stick faſt to Uertue then, that giues aſſured truſt,
And flye from Fortunes frekes that euer prone vniuſt.

FINIS. F. K.

15. *Promiſe is debt.*

IN my account the promiſe that is vowed,
Among the good is holden ſuch a debt:
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,
That ſetteth light his promiſe to forget.
And for my part I will not linck in loue,
With fickle folke, whoſe fancies oft remoone.

My happie gaine I doo eſteeme for ſuch,
As fewe haue found in theſe our doubtfull dayes:
To finde a frende I think it be as much,
As to win a fort full frought of noble praiſe,
Of all the goods that there may be poſſeſt,
A faithfull freend I iudge to be the beſt.

Of freendly league although too late begunne,
Yet time ſhall trye our troth as well imployde:

And

And that we both shall see that we haue doone,
Such fastned faith as cannot be destroyed,
By enuious rage, or slaunderous bitter blow,
That alwaies seekes the good to ouerthrow.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

19. No wordes but deedes.

The wrong is great, the paine aboue my power,
that yeelds such care in doubtfull dens to drowne,
Such hap is hard where Fortune doth so lower,
As friendly looke is turnde to froward frowne.
Is this the trust that faithfull friendes can finde,
With those that yet haue promise broke:
By deeds in doubt, as though no words can bind,
A vowed freend to holde him to his yoke?

Of faithlesse freende, what can assure your minde,
That doubts so soone, before you haue cause why?
To what harde hap doth Fortune here me binde,
When wordes nor deedes, can no where satisfie.
What can I write, that hath not oft been saide?
What haue I saide, that hath not beene affirmed?
What not approoued that ought to be assayed?
Or what is vowed, that shall not be performed?

Cast off mistrust, in hast no credit giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes vnrest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deeds shall prooue, that all is for the best.
And this beleeue the sea shall cease to flow,
The Sunne to shine within the setled skie:
All things on earth, shall leaue to spring and grow,
Yea euery fowle shall want his wings to flie,

Care I in thought shall seeme once to retire,
If you my freend remaine as I desire.
Now loose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. *R. D.*

17. He deſireth exchang of life.

THe day delayed, of that I moſt do wiſh,
Wherewith I fæde, and ſtarue in one degrée:
With wiſh and want, ſtill ſerued in one diſh,
Aliue as dead, by proofe as you may ſée.
To whome of olde, this Prouerb well it ſerues,
while graſſe doth grow, the ſlily horſe he ſtarues.

Twœne theſe extrems, thus do I runne the race
Of my poore life this certainely I knowe:
Twœne would and want, vnwarely that do paſſe,
More ſwift then ſhot, out to the archers bowe.
As ſpider drawes her line all day.
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by proof the grœdy Dog doth gnawe,
The bared bone all onely for the taſte:
So to and fro this lothſome life I drawe,
With fancies forſt, and fed with vaine repaſt.
Narciſſus brought vnto the water brinke,
So aye thirſt I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I ſœme not ſicke,
With ſmart vnſœne my ſelfe, my ſelfe I weare:
With prone deſire, and power that is not quick,
With hope aloft, now drenched in diſpaire.
Trained in truſt, for no reward aſſignde,
The more I haſt the more I come behinde.

With hurt to heale in frozen Ice to frye,
With holes to laugh, this is a wondrous caſe:
Faſt fettered heere, is forſt away to flye,
As hunted Hare, that Hownde hath in the chaſe.
With winges and ſpurres for all the haſt to make:
As like to looſe as for to drawe the ſtake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon deſart,
The life is irke, of ioyes that be delaied:
The time ſhort, for to requight the ſmart,

That doth proceede of promiſe long vnpaied,
That to the laſt of this my fainting breath,
I wiſhe exchange of life, for happie death.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

18 Of the vnſtabilitie of youth.

WHen I looke back and in my ſelfe behold
the wauering waies that youth could not
e make ỳ fearful courſe that youth did holde, (deſcry
And met in minde, ech ſtep youth ſtrayed awry.
My knees I bow and from my heart I call,
O Lord forget theſe faultes and follies all.

For now I ſee how voide youth is of ſkill,
I ſee alſo his prime time and his end:
I do confeſſe my faultes and all my ill,
And ſorrow ſore for that I did offend.
And with a minde repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aſke for youth ten thouſand times.

The humble hart hath daunted the proud minde,
Eke wiſedome hath giuen ignorance a fall:
And wit hath taught that folly could not finde,
And age hath youth her ſubiect and her thrall.
Therefore I pray O Lord of life and trueth.
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that didſt graunt the wiſe king his requeſt
Thou that in the whale the Prophet didſt preſerue.
Thou that forgaueſt the wounding of thy breſt,
Thou that didſt ſaue the theefe in ſtate to ſterue.
Thou onely God the giuer of all grace,
Wipe out of minde the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that to life by power didſt raiſe the dead,
Thou that reſtoredſt the blinde to perfect ſight:
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bread,
Thou that of fauour madeſt the lame go right.
Thou that canſt heale and helpe in all aſſayes,
Forgiue the gilt that grew in youths vaine waies

And

And now ſince I with faith and doubtleſſe minde,
Do flie to thee by praier to appeaſe thy Ire:
And ſince that thee I only ſeeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attaine my iuſt deſire.
Lend minde no more youthes errour and vnſkill,
and able age to do thy holy will.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

19. Moſt happie is that ſtate alone,
Where wordes and deedes agree in one.

By painted wordes the ſillie ſimple man,
To truſtleſſe trap is trained now and than.
And by conceipt of ſweete alluring tale,
He bites the baites that bredes his bitter bale.
To beauties blaze caſt not thy rouing eye,
In pleaſant greene do ſtinging Serpentes lie.
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter taſt,
In glittering glaſſe a poyſon rankeſt plaſt.
So pleaſant wordes without performing deedes,
May well be deem'd to ſpring of darnell ſeedes.
The freendly deede is it that quickly tries,
Where truſtie faith and freendly meaning lies.
that ſtate therefore moſt happie ſeemes to be,
Where wordes and deedes moſt faithfully agree.

My freend if thou wilt keepe thy honeſt name,
Fly from the blot of barking ſlaunders blame.
Let not in word thy promiſe be more large,
then thou in deede art willing to diſcharge.
abhorred is that falſee diſſembling brode,
that ſeemes to beare two faces in one hood.
to ſay a thing and not to meane the ſame,
Will turne at length to loſſe of thy good name.
Wherefore my freend let double dealing goe,
Inſtead whereof let perfect plaineſſe flow.
Do thou no maze in idle wordes ercede,
Then thou intendes to dos in very deede.
So good report ſhall ſpred thy worthy praiſe,
For being iuſt in word and deede alwaies.

You worldly wights, that worldly doers are,
Before you let your worde ſlip out too farre.
Conſider well what inconuenience ſpringes,
By breach of promiſe made in lawfull things.
Firſt, God miſlikes where ſuch deceit dooth ſwarme,
Next, it redoundeth to thy neighbours harme.
And laſt of all, which is not leaſt of all,
For ſuch offence, thy conſcience ſuffer ſhall.
As barren grounds, bring foorth but rotten weedes,
From barren wordes ſo fruitleſſe chaffe proceedes.
As ſauerie flowers do ſpring in fertile ground,
So truſtie freendes by triall ſoone are found.
To ſhunne therefore the worſt that may enſue,
Let deedes alwaies approue thy ſayings true. Finis. F. K.

10. Who will aſpire to dignitie, by learning muſt aduanced be.

THe poore that liue in needie rate, by learning doo great riches gaine,
The rich that liue in wealthie ſtate, by learning doo their wealth (maintaine.
Thus rich and poore are furthered ſtill,
By ſacred rules of learned ſkill.

All fond conceits of frantick youth, the golden gift of learning ſtaies,
Of doubtfull thinges to ſearch the trueth, learning ſets foorth the ready (waies.
O happie him do I repute,
Whoſe breſt is fraught with learning fruite.

There growes no corne within the feeld, that Dre⁊ plough did neuer till,
Right ſo the minde no fruite can yeelde, that is not led by learnings ſkill.
Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
Of learning ſpringes right noble deedes.

Like as the Captaine hath reſpect to traine his ſouldiers in aray,
So learning dooth mans minde direct, by vertues ſtaffe his life to ſtay.
Though freends and fortune wareth ſcant,
Yet learned men ſhall neuer want.

You impes therefore in youth be ſure, to fraught your mindes with learned (things,
For learning is the fountaine pure, out from the which all glory ſpringes.
Who ſo therefore will glory win,
With learning firſt muſt needs begin. Finis. F. K.

21. Mans fleeting life findes sureſt ſtay,
Where ſacred vertue beareth ſway.

THe ſturdy rock for all his ſtrength by raging ſeas is rent in twaine,
The Marble ſtone is pearſt at length, with little drops of driſling rain.
The Ore dooth yeeld vnto the yoke,
The ſteele obeyeth the hammer ſtroke.

The ſtately ſtagge that ſeemes ſo ſtout, by yalping hounds at bay is ſet,
The ſwifteſt bird that flies about is caught at length in Fowlers Net.
The greateſt fiſh in deepeſt brooke,
Is ſoone deceiued by ſubtill hooke.

Yea man himſelfe vnto whoſe will, all thinges are bounden to obay,
For all his wit and worthie ſkill, dooth fade at length and fall away.
There is nothing but time dooth waſte,
The heauens, the earth, conſume at laſt.

But vertue ſits triumphing ſtill, vpon the throne of glorious fame,
Though ſpitefull death mans body kill, yet hurts he not his vertuous (name,
By life or death what ſo betides,
The ſtate of vertue neuer slides.

FINIS M. T.

22. Nothing is comperable to a faithfull freend.

SIth this our time of freendſhip is ſo ſcant,
Sith friendſhip now in euerie place dooth want,
Sith euerie man of freendſhip is ſo hollow,
As no man rightly knowes which way to follow.
Ceaſe not my Muſe, ceaſe not in theſe our daies,
To ring loud peales of ſacred freendſhips praiſe.

If men be now their owne peculier freendes,
And to their neighbours freendſhip none pretends,
If men of freendſhip ſhew themſelues ſo bare,
And of their bretheren take no freendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muſe, nor feare not then,
To ring diſpraiſe of theſe vnfriendlie men.

Did man in friendſhip know the mightie power,
How great effects it worketh euerie hower,

What store of hidden friendship it retaines,
How still it powreth forth abundant gaines.
Wan would with thee my Muse in these our daies,
Ring out loud peales of sacred friendships praise.

Frændship relieueth mans necessitie,
Frændship comforteth mans aduersitie.
Freendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Frændship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my Muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loud peales, of sacred frændships praise.

Of frendship commeth loue and charitie,
By frændship men are linckt in amitie.
From frændship springeth all commoditie,
The fruit of frændship is fidelitie,
Oh ring my Muse ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred frændships praise.

That man with man true frændship may imbrace,
That man to man may shewe a frændly face,
That euerie man may sowe with frendly seedes,
As frændship may be found in freendly dædes.
And ioy with thee my Muse in these our daies,
To ring loud peales of sacred frændships praise.

FINIS *F. Kindlemarsh*

23 Golden precepts.

PErhaps you thinke me bolde that dare presume to teach,
As one that runs beyonde his race, and rowes beyond his reach,
Sometime the blinde do goe, where perfect sights do fall,
The simple may sometimes instruct, the wisest heads of all.

If needfull notes I giue, that vnto vertue tend,
Me thinkes you should of right vouchsafe your listning eares to lend.
A Whetstone cannot cut, yet sharpes it wel we see,
And I though blunt, may whet your skils, if you attentiue be.

First these among the rest, I wish you warely hæde,
That God be seru'd, your Prince obayed, and freendes releeu'd at néede,

Then

Then looke to honeſt thrift, both what and how to haue,
At night examine ſo the day, that bed be thought a graue.

Seeke not for others goods, be iuſt in word and deede,
For got with ſhifts are ſpent with ſhame, beleeue this as thy creede.
Boaſt not of Natures gifts, nor yet of parents name,
For vertue is the onely meane to win a worthie fame.

Ere thou dooſt promiſe make conſider well the end,
But promiſe paſt be ſure thou keepe, both with thy foe and freende.
Threat not reuenge too much, it ſhewes a Cranens kinde,
But to preuaile and then forgiue, declares a noble minde.

Forget no friendſhips debt, with to requite at leaſt,
For God and man, yea all the world, condemnes the vngratefull beaſt.
Beare not a friendly face, with harte of Iudas kiſſe,
It ſhewes a baſe and vile conceit, and not where valure is.

Fly from a fauning flurt, and from a cogging mate,
Their loue breedes loſſe, their praiſe reproch, their friendſhip breeds but hate.
Seeke not to looſe by wiles, that law and duetie bindes,
They be but helpes of Banckrouts heads, and not of honeſt mindes.

The motions of the fleſh, and Cholers heate reſtraine,
For heapes of harmes doo daily hap, where luſt or rage dooth raigne.
In diet, deed and wordes, a modeſt meane is beſt,
Enough ſufficeth for a feaſt, but riot findes no reſt.

And ſo to make an end, let this be borne away,
That vertue alwaies be thy guide, ſo ſhalt thou neuer ſtray.

FINIS Ar. Bourcher.

24 In praiſe of the Snaile.

THe deepe turmoiled wight, that lines deuoyd of eaſe,
Whoſe wayward wits are often found more wauering then the ſeas,
Seeks ſweete repoſe abroad, and takes delight to rome,
Where reaſon leaues the Snaile for rule, to keepe a quiet home.

Leape not before thou looke, leaſt harme thy hope aſſaile,
Haſte hauock makes in hurtfull wiſe, wherefore be ſlow as Snaile.

Refraine

Refraine from rash attempt, let take head be thy skill,
Let wisedome bridle brainsick wit, and leasure worke thy wil.

Dame reason bids I say, in thinges of doubt be slack,
Least rashnes purchase the wrong that wisedome wills vs lack:
By rashnes diuers haue been deadlye ouercome,
by kindly creeping on like Snaile, Duke Fabe his fame hath won.

Though some as swift as hawkes can stoope to euery stale,
Yet I refuse such sodaine flight, and will seeme slow as Snaile:
Wherefore my pretty Snaile, be still, and lay thee warme,
Saue enuious frets maugur their fumes, thers few shall do thee harme.

Because in some respect, thou holdes meete to be wise,
I place thee for a President, and signe before mine eyes,
Was neuer any yet, that harme in thee could finde,
Or dare auow that euer Snaile, wrought hurt to humaine kinde.

I know dame Phisick doth, thy friendly helpe implore,
And craues the salue from thee ensues, to cure the crazed sore.
Sith Phisick then allowes the vertues in degree,
In spight of spight I weare thee still, that well contenteth me.

FINIS.

A Remember ende.

TO be as wise as Cato was rich as Crœsus in life,
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or strife,
What helpeth it when death doth call,
The happie end exceedeth all.

The rich may well the poore releeue, the rulers may redresse each wrong,
The learned may good counsaile giue, but marke the end of this my song.
Who doth these thinges happie they call,
Their happie end exceedeth all.

The happiest end in these our daies, that all do seeke both small and great,
Is either for fame or els for praise, or who may sit in highest seat.
But of these thinges hap what hap shall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

A good

A good beginning oft we see, but seldome standing at one stay,
For few do like the meane degree, then praise at parting some men say.
The thinges whereto each wight is thrall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, the happie life which liueth vnder gouernance
Who seekes no hate nor breeds no strife, but takes in worth his happie (chance,
If contentation him befall,
His happie end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire the more offence doth dayly grow,
The greater paine it doth require except the Iudge some mercy shewe.
Wherefore I thinke and euer shall,
The happie end exceedeth all.

FINIS D.S.

24. He perswadeth his freendes from the fond affectes of loue

WHy art thou bound & maiest goe free, shal reason yeld to raging will
Is thraldome like to libertie? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill?
Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each parte to taste and proue.
The lokers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by loue.

Thy wits with thoughts shall stand at stay, thy head shall haue but heauy (rest,
thy eyes shall watch for wantō praies, thy tung shall cho thy harts request.
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noise, thy hand shall put thy pen to paine
And in the end thou shalt dispraise, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.

If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might ruime in reasons race,
Or if strong sute might win sure hope, I woulde lesse blame a louers case.
For loue is hot with great desire, and sweet delight makes youth so fond.
That little sparkes will proue great fire, & bring free heart to endles bond.

First count thy care and the thy cost, and marke what frand in faith is (found,
Then after come & make thy boast, & shew some cause why thou art bound.
For when the wine doth run full low, you shall be faine to drinke the lees,
And eate the flesh full well I know, ỹ hath bẽ blowne with many flyes.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse.
And though we finde small fault of this, yet some will gilt a brideles bosse.

A foole his bable will not change, not for the Scepter of a King:
a louers life is nothing strange, for youth delightes no other thing.

FINIS. *Tho. Churchyard.*

27. Wanting his desire, he complaineth.

THe sailing ships with ioy at length, do touch their long desired porte,
The hewing axe the oke doth wast, & battering canon breaks the fort,
Hard hagerd haukes stoop to the lure, wilde colts in time the bridle tames,
there is nothing so out of vre, but to his kinde long time it frames.
Yet this I finde in time, no time can win my sute,
Though oft the tree I clime, I cannot catch the fruite.

And yet the pleasant braunches oft, in yelding wise to me they bow,
When I would touch they spring, soone are they gon I wot not how.
Thus I present that fleeting floud, the Tantalus in hell below,
would God my cause she vnderstood, which can full soone relieue my woe.
Which if to her were knowne, the fruite were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle torne, with rented sailes must needs retire,
And streame and winde haue plainly sworne, by force to hinder my desire.
Like one that strikes vpon the rocks, my weary wrack I should bewaile,
And learne to know false Fortunes mocks, who smiles on me to small auaile.
Yet sith she onely can my rented shippe restore,
To helpe her wrackhed man but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

82 Try before 'thou trust.

IN freendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing vse,
A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse.
A face for loue, a hart for hate, these fained freendes can beare,
A tung for troth, a head for wiles, to hurt each simple care.
An humble port in poyson part, that plainesse cannot spie,
Which credits all, and cannot see, where stinging Serpents lye.
Through hasty trust the harmeles hart is easily hampred in,
And made beleeue it is good golde, when it is lead and tin.
The first deceit that bleeres mine eyes, is fained faith profest,
The second trappe is grating talke, that gripes each straungers brest.
The thirde deceit is greeting wordes, with colours painted out,
which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous doubt.
The fourth and last is long repaire which creepes in frendships lap,

And daly hauntes that vnder truſt, deuiſeth many a trap.
Loe how falſe frendes can frame a fetch, to winne their will with wiles,
To ſauce their ſlights with ſugred ſops and ſhadow harme with ſmiles.
To ſerue their luſtes are ſundry ſortes by practiſe diuers kindes,
Some caries hony in their mouthes, and venome in their mindes.
He thinkes the ſtones within the ſtrætes ſhould cry out in this caſe,
And euerie one that dooth them meet, ſhould ſhunne their dubble face.

Finis. *D. S.*

29 A Lady forſaken complaineth.

IF pleaſures be in painefulnes: in pleaſures dooth my body reſt,
If ioyes accord with carefulneſſe: a ioyfull heart is in my breſt.
If priſon ſtrong be libertie: in libertie long haue I beene,
If ioyes accord with miſerie: who can compare a life to mine?
Who can vnbinde that is ſore bound? who can make frée that is full thrall?
Or how can anie meanes be found, to comfort ſuch a wretch withall?
None can, but he that hath my hart, conuert my páines to comfort then.
Yet ſince his ſeruaunt I became, moſt like a bondman haue I beene.
Since firſt in bondage I became, my words and dædes were euer ſuch,
That neuer once he could me blame except, for louing him too much.
Which I can iudge no iuſt offence, nor cauſe that I deſerue diſdaine,
Except he meane by falſe pretence, through forged loue to make a traine.
Nay, nay, alas, my fained thoughts, my frended and my fained ruth,
My pleaſures paſt my preſent plaints ſhew well I meane but too much truth.
But ſince I cannot him attaine, againſt my will I let him goe,
And leaſt he glorie at my paine, I will attempt to cloake my woe.
Youth learne by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What grœuous griefe dooth grow by loue, and what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. *M. D.*

30 Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wiſheth death.

FOrlorne in fylthie froward fate, wherein a thouſand cares I ynde,
By whom I doo lament my ſtate, annoyd with fond afflicted minde.
A wretch in woe, and dare not crye,
I liue, and yet I wiſh to dye.
The day in dole, that ſœmeth long, to paſſe with ſighes and heauie cheare,
And with th'ſe eyes I view the wrong that I ſuſteine by liuing heere.
Where my miſhaps as rife do dwell,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wayling wight I walke alone, in dezert dens there to complaine,
amongſt the ſauage ſort to mone, I flœ my frends where they remaine.

And pleasure take to shun the sight,
Where erst I felt my great delight,
A Captaine clapt in chaines of care, lapt in the lawes of lethall loue,
My flesh and bones consumed bare, with crauling greefes full strange to proue,
Though hap dooth bid me hope at least,
Whiles grasse dooth grow, yet starues the beast.
A sieged fort with forraine force, for want of aide must yeelde at last,
So must my wearied pined coarse, submit my selfe to bitter taste.
Of crawling care that crackes my brest,
Till hope of death shall breake my rest.

FINIS. *F. M.*

31. A reply to *M. Edwardes* May.

I read a Maying rime of late delighted much mine eare,
It may delight as many moe, as shall it reade or heare.
To see how there it shewed, how May is much of price,
and eke to May when that you may, euen so is his aduice.
It seems be ment to May himselfe, and so to vse his skill.
For that the t me did serue so well, in May to haue his will.
His onely May was ease of minde, so farre as I can gesse,
and that his May his minde did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reape the fruits, of that his pleasant May,
He wils his freend the same to vse, in time when as he may.
Nor is not for himselfe it seems, but wisheth well to all,
For that he would they should take May, in time when it doth fall.
So vse your May, you may, it cannot hurtfull be,
and May well vs d in time and place, may make you merie ple.
Modest Maying mœtest is, of this you may be sure,
a modest Maying quietnesse, to Mayers dooth procure.

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so done,
Who may and it dooth take, may thinke he toke to sone.
So ioyne your May with wisdomes lore, and then you may be sure,
Who makes his May in other sorte, his vnrest may procure.
Some May before May come, some May when May is past,
Some make their May to late, and some do make post haste.
Let wisdome rule I say your May, and thus I make an end,
and May, that when you list to May, a good May God you send.

FINIS. *M. S.*

32. Hauing

32. Hauing married a worthie Ladie, and taken away by death he complaineth his mishap.

IN youth when I at large did lead my life in lustie libertie,
When heauy thoughts no one did spreade, to let my pleasant fantasie.
No Fortune séemde so hard could fall,
This frédome then that might take thrall.
And twentie yeeres I scarce had spent, when to make full my happie fate,
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands and titles of estate.
So as more blest then I stoode than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, could more desire by iust request,
Then health with wealth, and libertie, all which at once I this possest.
But masking in this iolly ioye,
A sodaine sight prou'd all a toy.
For passing on these merry dayes with new deuise of pleasures great,
And now and then to viewe the raies of beauties woorks wt cunning feate.
In heauenly hewes all which is one,
I oft beheld, but bound to none.
And one day rouling thus my eyes vpon these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst the rest one did I sée, who straight my wandring looke did fease.
And stayed them firme, but such a sight
Of beautie yet saw neuer wight.
What shall I séeke to praise it more, where tongues cannot well praise the (same
But to be short to louers lore I straight my sences all did frame.
And were it wit or were it chaunce,
I wonne the garland in this daunce.
And thus where I before had thought, no hap my fortune might increase,
A double blisse this chaunce foorth brought, so did my Ladies Loue mee (please,
Her faith so firme and constance such,
As neuer hart can praise too much.
But now with torments strange I tast the fickle stay of fortunes wheele,
and where she raised from high to cast, with force of greefe to feele.
For from this hap of sodaine frowne,
Of Princes face she threw me downe.
And thus exchange now hath it made, by libertie a thing most deere,
In hatefull prison for to fade, where sundred from my louing feere.
My wealth and health, stands at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away. (liued,
and last when humaine force was none could part our loue wherein we

My Ladies life alas is gone, moſt cruell death hath it bereued,
whoſe vertues hers, to God hath wonne,
And left me heere, a man vndoone.

FINIS. F. G,

33. A worthie dittie, ſung before the Queenes Maieſtie at Briſtow.

MIſtruſt not troth that truely meanes, for euerie iealous freke,
Inſtæde of wrong. condemne not right, no hidden wrath to wreke.
Looke on the life of faultleſſe life, how bright her vertues ſhine,
And meaſure out her ſteps each one, by leuell and by line.

Deeme each deſart by vpright geſſe, whereby your praiſe ſhall liue,
If malice would be matcht with might, let hate no iudgement giue.
Enforce no feare with wreſting wits, in quiet conſcience breſt,
Lend not your eares to buſie tongues, which breedeth much vnreſt.

In doubtfull drifts wade not too farre, it weareth but the minde,
Seeke not to ſearch the ſecret harts whoſe thoughts are hard to finde.
Auoide from you thoſe hatefull heads, that helpes to heape miſhap,
Be ſlow to heare the flatterers voice, that crœpeth in your lap.

Embrace their loues that wills you good, and ſport not at their praiſe,
Truſt not too much vnto your ſelfe, for feeble are your ſtaies.
How can your ſeate be ſetled faſt, or ſtand on ſtedfaſt ground,
So propped vp with hollow heartes, whoſe ſuretie is vnſound?

Giue faith to thoſe that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regarde not them that force compelles to pleaſe you euerie where.
All this well wayed and borne away, ſhall ſtabliſh long your ſtate,
Continually with perfect peace, in ſpite of puffing hate.

FINIS. *D. S.*

34. An Epitaph vpon the death of Sir *Edward Saunders* Knight, Lord cheefe Baron of the Exchequer.

YOu Muſes were your mourning weedes, ſtrike on the fatall drome,
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame in ſpite of Pareas dome.
Diſtill Parnaſſus pleaſant drops, poſſeſſe Peniades place,
Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to waile this wofull caſe.
Wring hard your hands, waile on your loſſe, lament the fate that fell,
With ſobs and ſighes to Saunders ſay, oh Saunders now farewell.

Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas pap, as one of Sibils ſeede,
Loe heere where death did reſt his coꝛps, the vermine fouls to fœde,
Whom impes of loue with Nectar ſwœte, long in Libethres nurſt,
Beholde their dꝛeadfull death him bꝛought, to there whence he came firſt.
Lycurgus he foꝛ learned lawes, Rodamantus race that ran,
An other Nector foꝛ aduice, Zalucus fame that wan.
A Damon deere vnto his friend, in faith like *Phocion* found,
A Cato that could counſaile giue, to Pꝛince a ſubiect ſound.
Not Athens foꝛ their Solon ſage, not Rome foꝛ Numa waile,
As we foꝛ Saunders death haue cauſe, in floods of teares to ſaile.
Noꝛ Sparta carde foꝛ Chilos death, noꝛ pꝛoud *Prienna* pꝛeſt,
To wœpe foꝛ Bias as we waile, our Saunders late poſſeſt.
His learned pathes, his tallents rare, ſo now by death appeares,
As he that Salomon ſought to ſerue, in pꝛime and youthfull yeares.
His counſell ſad, his rules, his lawes, in Countrie ſoyle ſo wꝛought,
As though in Cuma he had bœne, of ſage Sibilla taught.
His vertuous life was ſuch I ſay, as vertue did embꝛace:
By vertue taught in vertues ſchoole, to gꝛow in vertues race.
Might tender babes, might oꝛphants weak, might widowes reare the cry,
The ſound whereof ſhould pierce the cloudes, to ſcale the empire ſkie.
To bid the Gods to battaile bend, and to deſcend in ſight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnmeet, with moꝛtall men to fight,
Too late (alas) we wiſh his life, too ſoone deceiues vs Death,
Too little wit we haue to ſeeke, the dead againe to bꝛeath.
What helpleſſe is, moſt careleſſe be, as Natures courſe dooth ſhewe,
Foꝛ death ſhall reape what life hath ſowne, by Nature this we know.
Where is that fierce Achilles ſwoꝛd? where is king Turnus ſhꝛoude?
What is become of *Priamus* ſtate? where is *Periander* pꝛoude?
Hector, Hanno, Hannibal dead, *Pompei*, *Pyrhus* ſpild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Cæſar ſlaine, and Alexander kild.
So long their foꝛtune faſt did flow, and charged fame to ſound,
Till frowning Foꝛtune foild by fate, which fawning Foꝛtune found.
Shun Foꝛtunes freekes, ſhake Foꝛtune of, to none is Foꝛtune ſound,
Sith none may ſay of Foꝛtune ſo, I Foꝛtune faithfull found.
Beholde where Foꝛtune flowed ſo faſt, and fauoured Saunders lure.
Till fickle Foꝛtune once againe, did Saunders death pꝛocure.
Loe clothed colde in clods of clay, in dꝛoſſie duſt remaine,
By fate return'd from whence he came, to his mothers wombe againe.
Who well nigh thirtie yœres was iudge, befoꝛe a Judge did fall,

And

And Iudged by that mightie Iudge, which Iudge ſhall iudge vs all.
The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewaile,
Sith heauen hath wun, and earth hath loſt, the guide and arke of vaile.
Their gaine is much, our loſſe is great, their mirth our mone is ſuch,
That they may laugh as cauſe do yelde, and we may wæp as much.
Oh happie he, vnhappie we, his hap doth aye encreaſe,
Happie he, and happieſſe we, his hap ſhall neuer ceaſe.
We liue to die, he died to liue, we want and he poſſeſt,
We bide in bands, he bathes in bliſſe, the God aboue him bleſt.
Being borne to liue, he liued to die, and died to God ſo plaine,
That birth that life, that death to ſhow, that he ſhall liue againe.
His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame applied.
His fame to time, his time to God, thus *Saunders* liued and died:
O happie life. O happier death. O ten times happie he,
Whoſe hap it was ſuch hap to haue, a Iudge this age to be.
Oh ioyfull time, Oh bleſſed ſoyle, where Pallas rules with wit,
O noble ſtate, O ſacred ſeate, where Saba ſage doth ſit.
Like Suſan ſound, like Sara ſad, with Heſters mace in hand,
With Iudithes ſwoord, Bellona like to rule this noble land.
I had my will, you had your wiſh, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I winne now much, you gaine no leſſe, to ſæ this happie daye.
Wherein I died wherein you liue, oh treble happie coſt,
Wherein I ioyed in glorie great, wherein you triumph moſt.
Kneele on your knæs knock hard your breſts, ſound forth the ioyfull (doum,
Clap loud your handes ſound Ecchо ſay, the golden worlde is come.
Reioyce you iudges may of right, your mirth may now be ſuch,
As neuer erſt your Iudges had, in England mirth ſo much.
Here Cuma is, here Sibill raignes, on Delphos ſeat to ſit,
Here ſhe like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot vnknit.
I liued to nature long inough, I liued to honor much,
I liued at wiſh, and died at will to ſæ my country ſuch.
As neither nœdes is Numas lawes, nor yet Opolos ſwoord,
For manlie Mars, yet Mars ſhall be of this our Quæne afeard.
O pearleſſe pearle, O Diamond dære, O Quæne of Quænes farwell,
Your royall Maieſtie God preſerue, in England long to dwell.
Farwell the Phœnix of the world farwell my ſouereigne Quæne,
Farwell moſt noble vertuous Prince, Mineruas mate I wæne.
No Iewell gemme, no gold to giue, no pearles from Pactolos low,
No Perſian Gaze: no Iudian ſtone, no Tagus ſandes to ſhow.

But

But faith and will to natiue soyle, aliue and dead I finde,
My hart my minde, my loue I leaue vnto the Prince behinde.
Farwel you Nobles of this land, farewell you Iudges graue,
Farwell my fellowes, frendes and mates, your Queene I say God saue.
What rise in time, in time doth fall, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall die, and yeld to Parcus web.
The Sun to darknesse shall be turn'd, the starres from skies shall fall,
The Moone to blood, the world with fire shall be consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanisheth straight, as bubbles rise and fall,
As cloudes doo passe, or shadow shiftes, we liue we die so all.
Our pompe, our pride, our triumph most, our glorie great herein,
Like shattring shadowe passe away as though none such had been.
Earth, Water, Aire, and Fire, as they were earst before,
a lump confused, and Chaos call'd so shall they once be more.
and all to earth that came from earth, and to the graue descend,
For earth on earth, to earth shall goe and earth shall be the end.
as Christ ascended vp the cloudes, so Christ in cloudes shall come,
To Iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadfull day of doome,
From whence our flesh shall rise againe, euen from the drossie dust,
and so shall passe I hope, vnto the Mansion of the iust.

FINIS. *Lodowick. L. Loyd*

35 His good name being blemished, he bewaileth.

FRam'd in the front of forlorne hope, past all recouerie,
I staieles stand to abide the shock of shame and infamie.
My life through lingring long is lodg'd in lore of lothsome wayes
My death delayed to keepe from life, the harme of hapless daies.
My spirites, my heart, my wit and force, in deep distresse are drownd:
The only losse of my good name, is of these greefes the ground.

And since my minde, my wit, my head, my voice, and toung are weake:
to vtter moue, deuise, conceiue, sound foorth, declare and speake.
Such pearsing plaintes, as answere might, or would my wofull case,
Help craue I must and craue I will, with teares vpon my face.
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To waile with me the losse of mine, as of these griefes the ground.

Help Gods, helpe saintes, help spirites and powers, that in the heauen do dwell,
Help ye that are aye wont to waile, ye howling hounds of hell. Help

Yelp man, help beastes, help birds and wormes that on the earth doo toyle,
Yelp fish, help foule, that flockes and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle,
Yelp Ecchо that in ayre dooth flee, shrill voices to resound,
to wail this losse of my good name, as of these griefes the ground.

FINIS. *E.O.*

36. Of fortunes power.

POlicrates whose passing hap caus'd him to lose his fate,
a golden ring cast in the seas to change his constant state.
and in a fish yet at his bord the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe to whome she takes, for bountie dooth abound.

The mizers vnto might she mountes, a common cause we see,
And mightie to great miserie, she sets in low degree.
Whom she to day dooth reare on hie, vpon her whirling whéele,
to morrow next she dingeth downe, and casteth at her heele.

No measure hath she in her giftes, she dooth reward eche sorte,
the wise that counsell haue, no more then fooles that maketh sport.
She vseth neuer particall handes, for to offend or please,
Giue me good fortune all men saies, and throw me in the seas.

It is no fault of worthynesse, that makes me fall or rise,
I rather be borne fortunate, then to be very wise.
the blindest man right soone, that by good fortune guided is,
to whome that pleasant fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amis.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

37. Though triumph after bloody warres, the greatest brags doo beare:
Yet triumphs of a conquered minde, the crowne of fame shall weare.

WHo so dooth marke the careless life, of these vnhappie daies,
and sees what small and slender holde, the state of vertue staies.
He findes that this accursed trade proceedeth of this ill:
that men be giuen too much to yeeld, to their vntaimed will.

In lacke of taming witlesse will, the poore we often see,
Enuies the rich because that he, his equall cannot be.
the rich aduanced to might by wealth, from wrong dooth not refraine:
But will oppresseth weaker sorte, to heape excessiue gaine.

If

If fortune were so blinde, to giue to one man what he will,
A world would not suffise the same, if he might haue his fill.
We wish, we searche, we striue for all, and haue no more therein,
then hath the slaue when death dooth come, though Crœsus wealth he win.

In getting much, we get but care, such brittle wealth to kæp,
The rich within his walles of stone, doth neuer soundly sleep.
When poore in weake and slender house, do feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to kæp themselues in healthy.

Affection may not hide the sword of sway, in iudgement seate,
Least partiall fauour execute, the law in causes great.
But if the minde in constant state, affection quite do leaue,
the higher state shall haue their rights, the poore no wrong receiue.

It is accompted greater praise, to Cæsars loftie state,
Against his vanquisht foes, in warres to bridle wreckfull hate
then when to Rome he had subdued, the people long vnknowne,
Whereby as farre as land was found, the same abroad was blowne.

If honour can selfe will refuse, and iustice be vpright,
and priuate state desire but that which good appeares in sight.
then vertue shall with soueraigne shewe, to euery eye reueale,
An heauenly life, a wealfull state, a happie common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouerne all your deeds,
Your vælding to her sober hestes, immortall glorie brædes,
She shall vpreare your worthy name, shining into the skies,
Her beames shall blaze, in graue obscure, where shrined carkasse lies.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes,*

38. Of perfect wisedome.

WHo so will be accounted wise, and truely claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes he must atchiue the same.
But few there be that sæke thereby true wisedome to attaine,
O God so rule our hearts therefore, such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisedome which we most estæme in this thing dooth consist:
With glorious talke to showe in wordes, our wisedome when we list.

Yet not in talke but seemely dædes, our wisdome we should place,
To speake so faire, and doo but ill, dooth wisdome quite disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse, a wisdome counted is,
and thereby through the grædy coyne, no hope of grace to misse,
To seeke by honour to aduaunce, his name to brittle praise,
Is wisdome which we dayly see, increaseth in our daies.

But heauenly wisdome lower sæmes, too hard for them to win,
And wearie of the sute they seeme, when they do once begin,
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue,
When it dissolueth earthlie mosse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisdome is which we neglect, although of greater price.
a point of wisdome also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be indeede, that he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our haughtie stomackes Lord represse, to tame presuming will.
This is the wisdome that we should aboue each thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rules of wisdome true,
That all our deeds in worldly life, may like thereof insue.
Thou onely art the liuing spring from whom this wisdome flowes
O wash therwith our sinfull harts from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

39 A freendly admonition.

YE stately wights that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen to you,
Lament with teares, and sighes from dolefull brest,
The shame and power, that vice obtaineth now,
Behold how God dooth daiye proffer grace,
Yet we disdaine repentance to imbrace.

The suddes of sinne doo soke into the minde,
and cancred vice dooth vertue quite expell:

No

No change to good, alas can reſting finde,
Our wicked hartes ſo ſtoutly do rebell.
Not one there is that haſteth to amend, (ſend
Though God from heauen his daylie threats do wne

We are ſo ſlow to change our blamefull life,
We are ſo preſt to ſnatch a luring vice:
Such greedy harts on euerie ſide be rife,
So fewe that guide their will by counſell wiſe.
To let our teares lament the wretched caſe,
And call to God for vndeſerued grace.

You worldly wights that haue your fancies fixt,
On ſlipper ioy, of terraine pleaſure heere:
Let ſome remorſe in all your deeds be mixt,
Whiles you haue time let ſome redreſſe appeare,
Of ſodaine death the hower you ſhall not know,
and looke for death although it ſeemeth ſlow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
But pure thy ſelfe and ſeek to make thee free:
Let euerie one apply his diligence,
a chaunge ſo good within himſelfe to ſee.
O God direct our ſtate in ſuch a ſtay,
From canckred vice to ſhun the hatefull way.
FINIS. R. Hill.

40 Sundry men, ſundry affectes.

IN euerie wight, ſome ſundry ſorte of pleaſure I doo finde:
Which after hee doth ſeek to eaſe his toyling minde.
Diana with her trianing chaſe, of hunting had delight:
Againſt the fearefull Deare, ſhe could direct her ſhaft aright.
The loftie yeeres in euerie age, doth ſtill imbrace the ſam
The ſport is good if vertue doo aſiſt the cheerefull game.

Minerua in her chattering armes, her courage doth aduance
In triall of the bloody warres, ſhe giueth luckie chaunce.
For ſaue garde men imbrace ỳ ſame, which do ſo needfull ſeeme
That noble harts their cheefe delights, in vſe thereof eſteeme.

In

In warlike games to trie or ride, the force of armes they vse:
and base the man we do account, that doth the same refuse.

The siluer sounds of Musicks cordes, doth please Apollos wit,
A sentence which the heauens aduaunce, where it deserues to sit.
a pleasure apt for euerie wight, releese to carefull minde,
For woe redresse, for care a salue, for sadnes helpe we finde.
The soueraigne praise of Musicks skill, dooth cause the Poets faine,
That whirling Spheres, and eke the heauens do harmony retaine.

I heard that these three powers, at variance lately fell,
Whiles ech did praise his owne delight, the other to excell.
Then came as an indifferent Judge, to end the case they call,
The praise pronounced by her to them indifferentlie doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerua force dooth tame,
and Musick giues a sweete delight, to further others game.

These three delights to haughtie minds, the worthiest are estæmed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightlie be so deemed.
With ioy they doe reuiue the wit, with sorrow oft oppresst,
and neuer suffer solemne griefe, too long in minde to rest.
Be wise in mirth and seeke delight the same do not abuse,
In honest mirth, a happie ioy, we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

41. Of a freend and a flatterer.

A Faithfull freend is rare to finde, a fawning foe may soone be got,
A faithfull freende beare still in minde, but fawning foe regard thou not,
A faithfull freend no cloke dooth craue, to culler knaurrie withall,
But Sicophant a gowne must haue, to beare a port what ere befall.
A nose to smell out euerie feast, a brasen face to set it out,
a shamefull childe or homely gest, whose life dooth like to range about.
a fawning foe while wealth dooth last, a theefe to rob & spoile his freend,
as strong as oke, while wealth dooth last, but rotten sticke dooth proue in the end.

Looke first, then leape, beware the mire,
Burnt childe is warn'd to dread the fire.
Take heede my freend, remember this,
Short horse they say soone curried is.

FINIS *M. Edwardes.*

42. Of sufferaunce commeth ease.

TO seeme for to reuenge ech wrong in hastie wise,
By proofe of guiltlesse men it hath not beene the guise.
In slaunders loathsome brute, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shall trie them free,
These are the patient panges that passe within my brest,
Of those that feele their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opprest.
I know how by suspect, I haue been iudg'd awry,
And graunted guiltie in the thing, that cleerely I denie.
My faith may me defend if I might loued bee,
God iudge me so as from the guilt, I know me to be free.
I wrote but for my selfe the greefe was all myne owne,
as, who would proue extremitie, by proofe it might be knowne.
Yet are they such that say they can my meaning deeme.
Without respect of this old troth, things prooue not as they seeme.
Whereby it may befall in iudgement to be quicke,
To make themselues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doo amisse, as though I knew, by whom it might be wrought,
If any such there be, that herewithall be vert,
If twere theire vertue to beware, and deememe better next.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

43. All things are vaine.

ALthongh the purple morning brags, in brightnes of the Sunne,
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne.
The tune by day giues place againe, the force of drousie night,
and euerie creature is constrainde, to change his lustie plight.
Of pleasures all that here we taste,
We feele the contrarie at last.
In spryng then pleasant Zephirus hath fruitfull earth inspired,
and neuer hath ech bush, ech branch, with blossomes braue attired.
Yet fruits and flowers, as bushes and bloomes full quickly withered be,
When stormy winter comes to kill, the Sommers iollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All things wherein we pleasure most.
Although the seas so calmely glide as dangers none appeere,
and doubt of stormes in skie is none, King Phœbus shines so cleere.
yet when the boystrous windes breake out, and raging waues doe swell,

The

The ſtilly bark now heaues to heauen now ſinckes againe to hell.
thus change in euerie thing we ſee,
and nothing conſtant ſeemes to be.
Who floweth moſt in worldly wealth, of wealth is moſt vnſure,
And he that cheſly taſtes of ioy, doo ſometime woe indure,
Who vaunteth moſt of numbred frends, forgoe them all he muſt.
The faireſt fleſh and lively blood, is turnd at length to duſt.
experience giues a certaine ground,
that certaine here is nothing found.
Then truſt to that which aye remaines, the bliſſe of heauen aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Winde, nor Stormе, is able to remoue.
truſt to that ſure celeſtiall rock, that reſtes in glorious throne,
That hath been, is, and muſt be ſtill, our anker holde alone.
The world is all but vanitie,
In heauen ſeeke we our ſuretie.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarſh.

44 A vertuous Gentlewoman, in the praiſe of her loue.

I Am a virgin faire and free, and freely do reioyce,
I ſweetly warble ſugred notes from ſiluer voice.
For which delightfull ioyes, yet thanke I courtious Loue,
By whoſe almightie power ſuch ſweet delights I proue.

I walke in pleaſant fields, adorn'd with linely greene,
And view the fragrant flowers moſt louely to be ſeene.
The purple Columbine, the Cowſlippe and the Lillie,
the Violet ſweet, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Woodbine on the hedge, the red roſe and the white,
and each fine flowere els, that rendreth ſweet delight.
amongſt the which I chuſe, all theſe of ſemelieſt grace:
In thought reſembling them, to my deere louers face.

His louely face I meane, whoſe golden flowring giftes,
His euer liuing fame, to loftie ſkye vp liftes:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues ſake,
When vertuouſly to loue, all onely care I take.

Of all which freſh faire flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceipt, moſt like to him I holde ſo deere.

I gather

I gather it, I kiſſe it and eke deuiſe with it, 13
Such kinde of louely ſpeach as is for louers fit. 12

And then of all my flowers, I make a garland fine,
With which my golden wier haires together I do twine.
And ſet it on my head ſo taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer ſtill in ſight.

For as in goodly flowers mine eyes great pleaſure finde,
So are my louers gifts, moſt pleaſant to my minde.
Upon which vertuous giftes, I make more repaſt,
Then they that for loue ſportes, the ſweeteſt ioyes do taſte.

FINIS. F. K.

45. Oppreſſed with ſorrow, he wiſheth death.

IF Fortune may enforce, the carefull heart to cry,
and griping greef conſtraine, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne hath greater cauſe then I?
Againſt whoſe hard miſhap both heauen and earth is bent.
For whome no helpe remaines, for whom no help is left,
From whom all happie hap is fled, and pleaſure quite bereft:
Whoſe life nought can prolong, whoſe health nought can procure,
Whoſe paſſed proof of pleaſant ioy,
Miſchaunce hath changed to griefes anoy.
and loe whoſe hope of better day,
Is ouer whelm'd with long delay.

Oh hard miſhap.

Each thing I plainely ſee, whoſe vertues may auaile,
To eaſe the pinching paine, which gripes the groning wight:
By Phiſickes ſacred ſkill, whoſe rule doth ſeldome faile,
Through labours long inſpect, as plainely brought to light.
I knowe there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rinde,
No herbe, no plant, no iuice, no gum, no mettall deeply minde,
No pearle, no precious ſtone, ne Gem of rare effect,
Whoſe vertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large do not detect.
Yet all their force cannot appeaſe,
The furious fittes of my diſeaſe:
For any drugge of Phiſickes arte,
Can eaſe the griefes, that gripes my heart.

Oh ſtrange diſeaſe.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secret salues, which wisdome hath not found:
To coole the scorching heate of euerie smarting sore,
And helpeth deepest scarre, though grieuous be the wound.
The auncient Prouerb sayes, that none so fostred griefe,
Doth grow, for which the Gods themselues, haue not ordeynd releefe.
But I by proofe do know, such Prouerbs to be vaine,
And think that Nature neuer knew, the plague that I sustaine.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my griefe remediles.
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought and die in care.

Oh lasting paine.

In change of aire I see, by haunt of healthfull soyle,
By diet duly kept, grosse humours are expeld:
I know that greefes of minde, and inward harts turmoile,
By faithfull freendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
yet all this nought auailes to kill that me annoies,
I meane to stop these flouds of care, that ouerflow my ioyes,
No, none exchange of place, can change my lucklesse lot,
Like one I liue, and so must die, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsaile can preuaile with me,
Nor sage aduise with griefe agree.
For he that feels the pangs of hell,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwell.

Oh deepe dispaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine,
The wearied Horse and Oxe, in stall and stable rest:
The Ante with sommers toyle, beares out the winters paine,
The fowle that flies all day, at night returnes to rest.
The Ploughmans wearie worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with sommers gaine, which yeeldes him double hire.
The silly labouring soule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely paide, contented goeth his way.
And comming home, his drousie head,
He coucheth close in homely bed.
Wherein no sooner downe he lies,
But sleepe hath straite possest his eyes.

Oh happie man.

The

The ſouldier biding long the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadlye foyle:
At laſt comes ioyfull home, though mangled all with ſkarres,
Where franckly voide of feare, he ſpends the gotten ſpoile.
The Pirate lying long, amid the foming flouds,
With euerie flaw in hazard is, to looſe both life and goods.
At length finds view of land, where wiſhed Port he ſpies,
Which once obtain'd, among his mates he parts the gotten priſe.
Thus euerie man from trauaile paſt,
Dooth reape a iuſt reward at laſt.
But I alone whoſe troubled minde,
In ſeeking reſt vnreſt dooth finde.

Oh luckleſſe lot.

Oh curſed catiſe wretch, whoſe heauie hard miſhap,
Dooth wiſh ten thouſand times, that thou hadſt not beene borne:
Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in ſorrowes lap,
Where wailings waſte thy life, of all redreſſe forlorne.
What ſhall thy griefe appeaſe? who ſhall thy torment ſtay?
Wilt thou thy ſelfe with murdring hands, enforce thy owne decay?
No farre be thou from me, thy ſelfe to ſtop my breath,
The Gods forbid, whom I beſeech, to woorke my ioyes by death.
For lingering length of loathſome life,
Dooth ſtirre in me ſuch mortall ſtrife.
That whiles for life and death I crye,
In death I liue, and liuing die.

Oh froward fate.

Loe heere my hard miſhap, loe heere my ſtrange diſeaſe,
Loe here my deepe diſpaire, loe here my laſting paine:
Loe hære my froward fate, which nothing can appeaſe,
Loe hære how others toyle rewarded is with gaine.
With luckleſſe loe I liue, in loſſe of labours due:
Compeld by proofe of torment ſtrong, my endleſſe greefe to rue.
In which, ſince needs I muſt conſume both youth and age,
I ſold I liue, and that my care no comfort can aſſwage,
Hencefoorth I baniſh from my breſt,
all fruſtrate hope of future reſt.
and truthleſſe truſt to times reward,
With al reſpects of loyes regard.

Here I forſwere.

FINIS.

46. Where reason makes request, there wisdome ought supplie,
With friendly aunswere prest to graunt or else denie.

I Sigh, why so? for sorrowe of her smart,
I mourne, wherefore? for greefe that she complaines:
I pittie, what? her oppressed hart,
I dreao, what harme? the danger she sustaines,
I greeue, whereat? at her oppressing paines.
I feele, what force? the fits of her disease,
Whose harme dooth me and her, alike displease.

I hope, what hap? her happie healths retire,
I wish, what wealth? no wealth, nor worldly store:
But craue, what craft? by cunning to aspire,
Some skill, whereto? to salue her sickly sore,
What then? why then would I her health restore.
Whose harme me hurtes, how so? so woorkes my will:
To wish my selfe and her, like good and ill.

What moones thy minde, wherto? to such desire,
Ne force, ne fauour, what then? free fancies choise:
Art thou to choose? my charter to require,
Ech Ladies loue, is fed by customes voyce,
Yet are their grauntes, the euidence of their choise.
What then? our freedome is at large in choosing,
As womens willes are froward in refusing.

Wottes she thy will? she knowes what I protest,
Dainde she thy sute? she dangered not my talke:
Gaue she consent? she graunted my request,
What didst thou craue? the roote, the fruite the stalke,
I asked them all, what gaue she, cheese, or chalke?
That taste must trie, what taste? I meane the proofe,
Of freendes, whose wils withhould their bow aloofe.

Meanest thou good faith? what else? hopest thou to spéede
why not, O foole vntaught in carpell trade,
Knowest not what proofes from such delaies proceede?
Wilt thou like heedlesse Cocke be caught in glade?

Art

Art thou like Aſſe, too apt for burden made?
Fie, fie, wilt thou for Saint adore the ſhrine?
and woo her friend, ere ſhe be holie thine?

Who drew this drift? mooued ſhe or thou this match?
T was I: oh foole vnware of womens wiles,
Long maieſt thou waite, like hungry hound at hatch,
The craftie Fox, the ſilly Gooſe beguiles.
Thy ſute is ſhaped, ſo fit for long delay,
That ſhee at will may checke from yea to nay.

But in good ſooth, tell me her friendes intent,
But learne it firſt, their purpoſe I not knowe,
Why then thy will to worſe, and worſe is bent,
Dooſt thou delight the vnkindled coale to blowe?
Or childelike loueſt, in ankred Boate to rowe?
what meane theſe tearmes? who ſith thy ſute is ſuch,
Know of or on, or thou affect too much.

No haſte but good, why no, the meane is beſt,
Admit ſhe loue, miſlike in lingring growes:
Suppoſe ſhe is caught, then woodcock on thy creſt:
Till end approues, what ſcornefull ſædes ſhee ſowes.
In loytering loue, ſuch dangers ebbes and flowes.
What helpe herein? why waike in dangerous watch,
That too nor fro, may make thee marre thy match.

Is that the way to end my wearie worke?
By quick diſpatch to leſſen long turmoile:
well well, though loſſe in lingring wontes to lurke,
and I a foole moſt fit to take the foyle.
yet proofe from promiſe neuer ſhall recoyle,
My wordes with deeds, & deeds with wordes ſhall wend:
Till ſhe or hers gainſaye that I pretend.

Art thou ſo fonde? not fonde, but firmely faſt,
Why foole her friendes wot how thy will is bent,
Yet thou like dolt, whoſe wit and ſence is paſt,
Seeſt not what frumpes do follow thy intent.

We know how loue in lew of scorne is lent,
Alone, for sighes such folly should preuent.
Well well, their scoffs with scornes might be repaied,
If my requests were fully yead or nayed
Well well, let these with wisdomes praise be wayed:
and in your chest of chiefest secrets layed.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

47. What ioy to a contented minde.

THe faith that failes, must needs be thought vntrue,
The freend that faignes, who holdeth not vniust?
Who likes that loue, that changeth still for new?
Who hopes for truth, where troth is voide of trust?
No faith, no freend, no loue, no troth so sure,
But rather failes, then stedfast doe endure.

What head so stayed, that altreth not intent?
What thought so sure? that stedfast did remaine
What wit so wise? that neuer needes repent,
What tung so true? but sometime wontes to faine.
What foote so firme? that neuer treades awry.
What sooner dimde? then sight of cleerest eye.

What hart so firt? but soone enclines to change,
What moode so milde? that neuer mooude debate,
What faith so strong? but likely likes to range,
What loue so true? that neuer learnd to hate,
What life so pure? that lasles without offence:
What worldly minde? but moues with ill pretence.

What knot so fast? that may not be vntide,
What zeale so sure? but fraude or force shall breake:
What prop of stay? but one time shrinks aside,
What ship so stanch? that neuer had a leake.
What graunt so large? that no exception makes,
What hoped helpe? but freends at last forsakes.

What seate so high? but low to ground may fall,
What hap so good? that neuer founde mislike:

what

what ſtate ſo ſure? but ſubiect is to thrall,
What force preuailes? where Fortune liſt to ſtrike.
what wealth ſo much? but time may turne to want,
what ſtore ſo great? but waſting maketh ſcant.

What profites hope? in depth of dangers thrall,
What truſt in time? but wareth worſe, and worſe,
What helpes good hart? if Fortune frowne withall,
What bleſſing thriues? gainſt heauenly helpeleſſe curſſe.
what wins deſire? to get and cannot gaine,
what bootes to wiſh, and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My luck is loſſe.

48. *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,*
Nullus ad amiſſas, ibit amicus opes.

EVen as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
Doo ſwarming flock, where carren corpes doth falle
And tiring teare, with beake and tallents might,
Both ſkin and fleſh, to gorge their guts withall.
and neuer ceaſe, but rather moe to moe,
Do all to pull the carkaſe too and fro.
Till bared bones, at laſt they leaue behinde,
and ſeeke elſe where ſome fatter foode to finde.

Euen ſo I ſee, where wealth dooth ware at will,
And golde doth grow, to heapes of great increaſe:
Their freends reſorte, and proffring freendſhip ſtill,
Full thick they throng, with neuer ceaſing preaſe.
And ſtily make a ſhew of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inwarde hate is ment.
For when miſchance ſhall change ſuch wealth to want,
They pack from thence, to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. My luck is loſſe.

49. *Amantium ire amoris redintegratio eſt.*

I N going to my naked, as one that would haue ſlept,
I heard a wife ſing to her childe, that long before had wept.
She ſighed ſore, and ſung full ſweet to bring the babe to reſt,
That would not ceaſe, but cried ſtill, in ſucking at her breſt.
She was full wearie of her watch, & grieued with her childe,
She rocked it, and rated it, till that on her it ſmilde.

Then

Then did she say now haue I found this prouerb true to proue:
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renewing is of loue.
Then toke I paper, pen and inke, this prouerb for to write,
In register for to remaine, of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song, vnto her little brat,
Much matter vttered she of waight in place whereas she sat.
and proued plaine there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discorde and strife.
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull freendes, renewing is of loue.
She said that neither King nor Prince, ne Lord could liue a right,
Vntill their puisance they did proue, their manhood and their might,
When manhood shall be matched so, that feare can take no place,
then wearie worke make warriours, eche other to embrace.
and leaue their force that failed them, which did consume the rout,
that might before haue lin'd their time, and nature out.
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her reproue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.
She said she sawe no fish ne foule, nor beast within her haunt,
that met a stranger in their kinde, but could giue it a taunt.
Since flesshe might not endure, but rest must wrath succæd,
and force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they feed.
So noble nature can well end, the worke she hath begone,
and bridle well that will not cease, her tragedie in some.
Thus in her song she oft rehearst, as did her well behoue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renewing is of loue.
I maruaile much pardie quoth she, for to beholde the rout,
to see man, woman, boy and beast, to tosse the world about.
Some kneele, some couch, some becke, some check & some can smoothly smile
and some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many a wile.
Some stand a loose, at cap and knee some humble and some stout,
Yet are they neuer freends indeed, vntill they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remoue,
The falling out of faithfull freendes, renewing is of loue.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

50. Thinke to die.

THe life is long which lothsomely doth last,
The dolefull dayes, draw slowly to their date:

The preſent pangues, and painefull plagues forepaſt,
Yeldes greeſaye greene, to ſtablish his eſtate.
So that I feele in this great storme and ſtrife,
That death is ſweet that shortenesth ſuch a life.
And by the ſtroke of this ſtroange ouerthrowe,
all which conflict in thraldome I was thruſt:
the Lord be praiſed, I am well taught to knowe,
From whence man came and eke wherto he muſt.
And by the way vpon how feble force:
His terme doth ſtand, till death doth end his courſe.
The pleaſant yeares that ſeemes ſo ſweetly runne,
the merrie daies to ende, ſo faſt that fleete:
the ioyfull wightes of which dayes drawes ſo ſoone,
the happie howres, which moe dee miſſe then meet.
Do all conſume, as ſnow againſt the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begun.
Since death ſhall dure, till all the worlde be waſte,
What meaneth man to dread death then ſo ſore?
As man might make, that life ſhould alwaies laſt,
Without regarde, the Lord hath led before.
The daunce of death, which all muſt runne on rowe:
The howre wherin, onely himſelfe doth knowe.
If man would minde, what burdens life doth bring,
What greeuous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby ſpring,
With no ſure howre, in all his day to ſit.
Ye would ſure thinke, as with great cauſe I dee,
the day of death is happier of the two.
Death is the doore whereby we draw to ioy,
Life is the lack that drowneth all in paine:
Death is ſo dole, it ceaſeth all annoy,
Life is ſo lewd, that all it yeldes is vaine.
and as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen ſo by death, is freedome likewiſe wrought.
Wherefore with *Paule*, let all men wiſh and pray,
to be diſſolued of this foule fleſhly maſſe:
Or at the leaſt be arm'd againſt the day,
that they be found, good ſoldiers preſt to paſſe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
and ſuch a life as euer ſhall remaine. Finis.

D.S. ſi.If

51. *If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,*
Giue eare and see but say the best.

IF *thou* delight in quietnesse of life,
Desire to shun from braules, debate and strife.
To liue inloue with God, with freend and foe,
In rest shall sleep, when other cannot so.

Giue eare to all, yet do not all beleeue,
And see the end, and then do sentence giue.
But say for truth of happie liues assinde,
The best hath he that quiet is in minde,

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

52. Being forsaken of his freend he complaineth.

WHy should I linger long to liue,
In this disease of fantasie:
Since fortune doth not cease to hiue,
Thinges to my minde most contrarie.
and at my ioyes doth lower and frowne,
till she hath turned them vpside downe,
A freend I had to me most deere,
and of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one my heart so neere,
Nor one in whome I had more trust.
whom now of late without cause why,
fortune hath made my enemie.
The grasse me thinkes should grow in skie,
the Starres vnto the earth cleaue fast:
the water streame should passe awrye,
the windes should leaue their strength of blaste.
the Sunne and Moone by one assent,
should both forsake the firmament.
The fish in ayre should flie with finne,
the foules in floud should bring forth frye:
All thinges me thinkes should erst begin,
To take their course vnnaturally.
a fore my freend should alter so,
without a cause to be my foe.
But such as fortunes hate I say,
Such is his will on me to wreak:

Such ſpite he hath at me alway,
and ceaſeth not my heart to breake.
With ſuch diſpight of crueltie,
Wherefore then longer liue ſhould I? FINIS. E.S.

53. *Prudence.* The Hiſtorie of *Damacles* and *Dioniſe.*

WHo ſo is ſet in Princely throne, and craueth rule to beare:
Is ſtill beſet on euerie ſide, with perill and with feare,
High trees by ſtormie windes are ſhakte, and rent vp from the ground:
And flaſhly flakes of lightening flames, and turrets doo rebound.
When little ſhrubbes in ſafetie lurcke in couert all alow,
and freſhly flouriſh in their kinds, what euer winde doo blow.
The cruell King of Sciſilie, who fearing barbars handes:
Was wont to ſindge his beard himſelfe, with coale and fire brandes.
Hath taught vs this, the proof whereof, full plainely we may ſee:
Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to ſhow it ſo to be.
this King did ſeeme to *Damacles*, to be the happieſt wight,
Becauſe he thought none like to him, in power or in might.
who did alone ſo farre excell, the reſt in his degree,
As doth the Sunne in brighteſt cleere, the darkeſt ſtarre we ſee.
Wilt thou then ſaid this cruell King, proue this my preſent ſtate,
Poſſeſſe thou ſhalt this ſeat of mine, and ſo be fortunate.
Full gladly then this *Damacles*, this proffered honour toke,
and ſhooting at a Princely life his quiet life forſooke.
In honours ſeate, then was he plaſte according to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was preparde, that he might feaſt his fill.
Nothing did want wherein twas thought, that he could take delight,
To fede his eye, to fill this mouth, or pleaſe the appetite,
Such ſtore of plate, I thinke in Greece, there ſcarſely was ſo much,
His ſeruitors did Angelles ſeeme, their paſſing ſhape was ſuch.
No daintie diſh but there it was, and thereof was ſuch ſtore,
That through out Greece ſo Princely cheere was neuer ſeene before.
thus while in pompe and pleaſures ſeate, this *Damacles* was plaſte,
and did bigin with gladſome heart, each daintie diſh to taſte.
at length by chaunce caſt vp his eyes and gan the houſe to veiw,
and ſaw a ſight that him enforſt, his Princely ſtate to rew.
A ſwoord forſoth with downward point, that had no ſtronger thred,
Then one horſe haire that poiſed it, direct vpon his head.
Wherewith he was ſo ſore amaſ'd and ſhooke in euerie part,
as though the ſwoord that hung aboue, had ſtroke him to the heart.

Then all their pleasures tooke their leaue and sorrow came in place
His beauie hart the teares declarde, that trickled downe his face.
And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king of grace,
That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place.
and sayde that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happie man, and princely rule to beare.
This deede of thine oh Dionise deserues immortall fame, (shame
This deed shall alwaies liue with praise, though thou diost liue with
Whereby both kinges be put in minde, their dangers to be great,
and subiects be forbid to clumbe, high steppes of honours seate. .

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

54. *Fortitude.* A yongman of Egipt and Valerian.

THe one deserues great praise to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
Both he that can susteine the yoke of paines, and doth not shrink.
And he whom Cupids couert craft, can nothing moone at all:
Into the hard and tangled knots of Venus snares to fall.
Besturre you then who so delights, in vertues race to run,
The flying boy with bow ybent, by strength to ouercome.
as one did once when he was yong: and in his tender dayes,
whose stout and noble deede of his, hath got immortall praise.
The wicked Romaines did pursue, the silly Christians than,
what time Valerian Emperour was, a wicked cruell man.
Who spared not with blody draughtes, to quench his owne desire,
Dispatching all that stuck to Christ, with hot consuming fier.
At length a man of tender yeres, was brought before his sight,
Such one as Nature scarnde to make, a witnesse of her might.
For euerie part so well was set that nothing was depraued,
So that the cruell king himselfe, would gladly him haue saued.
So loath he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,
So finely built, so sodenly destroyed within an hower.
Then meanes he sought to ouercome or win him at the least,
To slip from Christ whom he before, had earnestly profest.
a bed prepard so finely deckt, with diuers pleasant smels,
That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely dwels.
By him he layed a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
with sugred speech and louely toyes, that might his minde allure.
Such wanton louers as those he thought, might easily him intise,
Which things he knew with lustie youth, had alwaies bene in prise,
Such waies I think the Gods themselues, could haue inuented none,

For

For flattering Venus ouercomes, the ſences euerie chone.
And he himſelfe was euen at point, to Venus to conſent,
Had not his ſtout and manly minde, reſiſted his intent.
When he perceiued his fleſh to yælde, to pleaſure wanton toyes,
and was by flight almoſt prouoked, to taſte of Venus ioyes.
More cruell to himſelfe then thoſe, that glad would him vndoe,
With bloody teeth, his tender tung, bit quite and cleane in two.
Thus was the paine ſo paſſing great, of this his bloody bit,
That all the fire and carnall luſt, was quenched euerie whit.
Do ill and all thy pleaſures then, full ſoone will paſſe away,
But yet the ſhame of thoſe thy dœdes, will euer more decay.
Do well and though thy paines be great, yet ſoone ech one will ceaſe:
But yet the prayſe of thoſe thy dœdes: will euermore increaſe.

FINIS *M. Edwardes.*

55. Iuſtice, Zaleuch and his ſonne.

LEt rulers make moſt perfect lawes, to rule both great and ſmall,
If they themſelues obay them not, it booteth not at all.
As lawes be nought but rulers dome, containing equall might,
So rulers ſhould be ſpeaking lawes, to rule by lyne of right.
Zaleuch the Prince of Locrine once, appointed by decree,
The Letcherer ſhould be puniſhed, with loſſe of either eye.
His ſonne by chaunce offended firſt, which when his father ſaw,
Lord God how earneſt then he was to execute the law.
Then came the people all in flocks, to him with weeping eyes,
Not one amongſt the rout there was, but pardon, pardon cries.
By whoſe out cries and earneſt ſute, his ſonne in hope did ſtand,
That he thereby ſhould then obtaine, ſome pardon at his hand.
But all in vaine, for he is found, to be the man he was,
And maketh haſte ſo much the more, to haue the law to paſſe.
The people yet renewed their ſute, in hope of ſome releefe,
Whoſe faces all beſprent with teares, did teſtifie their greefe.
and cried all for pitties ſake, yælde now to our requeſt,
If all you will not cleane remit, yet ceaſe the paine at leaſt.
Then ſomewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples voice,
And euerie man did giue a ſhoute, to ſhew they did reioyce.
Well then (quoth he) it ſhall be thus, the law ſhall be fulfild,
and yet my ſonne ſhall fauour haue, according as you wild.
One eye of his ſhall be puld out, thus hath his lewdnes got,
And likewiſe ſo ſhall one of mine, though I deſerue it not.

This word no ſoner was pronounced, but ſtraight the deede was donne,
Two eyes' no more was left, betweena thea Fathr and the Sonne.
Say now who can, and on my faith Apollo he ſhalbe,
was he more gentle Father loe? or iuſter iudge trow yée?
This man would not his lawes, be like the webbes the ſpiders weaue,
Wherein they lurk when they intend, the ſimple to deceiue.
wherewith ſmall flies full ſoone be caught, and tangled ers they wiſt,
when great ones flye and ſcape away, and breake them as they liſt.

EINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

56. Temperaunce, *Spurina* and the Romaine Ladies.

IF Nature beare thee ſo great loue, that ſhe in thée haue beautie plaſte,
Full hard it is as we do proone, to kepe the bodie cleane and chaſte.
twirt comlines and chaſtitie.
A deadly ſtrife is thought to be.
For beautie which ſome men ſuppoſe, to be as tiwere a golden ill,
Prouoketh ſtrife and many fors, that ſeekes on her to worke her will.
Aſſaultes to townes if many make,
No towne ſo ſtrong but may be take.
And this Spurina witneſſe can, who did for beautie beare the bell.
So cleane a wight ſo comelie made, no dame in Rome but loued well.
Not one could coole her hot deſire,
So burning was the flame of fire.
Like as when baite caſt in the flood, forthwith doth cauſe the fiſhes come,
That pleaſantlie before did play, now preſentlie to death do runne.
For when they ſée the baite to fall,
Straight way they ſwallow hooke and all.
So when Spurina they did ſée, to her they flocked out of hand.
She happieſt Dame was thought to be, that in his fauour moſt did ſtand.
Not knowing vnder ſweete deceits,
How Venus hides her poyſoned baites.
But when he ſaw them thus to range, whom loue had linked in his chain,
This meanes he ſought for to aſſwage thoſe Ladies of their greeuous pain.
His ſhape intending to diſgrace,
with many wounds he ſchorſht his face.
By which his deede it came to paſſe, that he that ſeemed an Angell bright
Euen now ſo cleane diſfigured was, that he became a loathſome wight.
and rather had he be foule and chaſte
then faire and fylthie iores to taſte.
what pen can write or tung expreſſe, the worthie praiſes of this deede?

Pe

We think that God can do no leſſe, then graunt him heauen for his merde.
Who for to ſaue himſelfe vpright,
Himſelfe hath firſt deſtroyed quite.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

57. A branch of hearbs and flowers.

IF that eche flower that Gods haue framde or ſhapte by ſacred ſkill,
Whereas I would (no wrong to wiſh) and mine to weare at will.
Or elſe eche tree with luſtie top would lend me leaue to loue,
With ſpringes diſplaied to ſpred my ſute, a waylinp hart to proue.
Vpon my helme ſome ſhould you ſee, my head aduaunced hye,
Some ſtay for ſolace there to ſet, and weare the ſame would I.
Yet would I not for great delight, the daiſies ſtrange deſire,
The Lylie would not like my luſt, nor Roſe would I require.
The Marigolde might grow for me, Roſemarie well might reſt,
The Fennell too, that is more fit, for ſome vnfriendlie gueſt.
Nor cowſlips would I craue at all, ſometime they ſeeme too coy,
Some iolly youth the Gillyflower eſteemeth for his ioy.
The Lauender ſometimes aloft, allures the lookers eyes,
The Paunſie ſhall not haue the praiſe, where I may giue the priſe.
And thus no flowers my fancie feedes, or liketh ſo my luſt,
as that I may ſubiect my ſelfe, to toyes of tickle truſt.
For flowers though they be faire and freſh, of ſent excelling ſweete,
Yet grow they on the ground below, we tread them with our feete.
and ſhall I then goe ſtoupe to ſuch? or elſe goe ſeeke to chooſe?
Shall flowers enforce me once to faune, for feare of frendes or foes?
Yet rather yeeld I to the right, as reaſon hath aſſignd,
Mine author ſaide there was no ſalue, in powers for me to finde.
And yet perhaps ſome tree there is, to ſhroud me from the ſhower,
That with her armes may ſalue the ſoule, that yeldeth to her power.
Where I may finde ſome pleaſant ſhade, to ſalue me from the Sunne
Eche thing we ſee that reaſon hath vnto the trees do runne.
Both men and beaſtes, ſuch foules as flies, their treaſures are the trees,
And for my part when braunches fall, I wiſh no other fees.
But when the ſtormes beſet me round, ſuch ſuccour God me ſend,
That I may finde a friendlie tree, that will me well defend.
No tree there is which yeelds no good to ſome that doth it ſeeke,
And as they are of diuers kindes, their vſes are vnlike.
The Ewe tree ſernes the Bowyers turne, the aſhe the Coopers art,
The puiſſant Oke doth make the paſte, the Pine ſome orther part.

The

The Elme dooth help to hide the birdes in wearie winters night,
the Briers I geſſe are nothing worth, they ſerue but for diſpight.
the willowe wight I farre from hence, good will deſerues no wrong,
the ſallow well may ſerue their ſtates, that ſing ſo ſad a ſong.
the Bore and Beeche eche for him ſelfe, aboue the reſt dooth boaſte,
the eglantine for pleaſure ofte, is pricked vpon the poſte.
the Hauthorne is ſo ſad in prize, the Baies doo beare the bell,
and that theſe Bayes did bring no bliſſe, I like it not ſo well,
as erſt I doo that ſeemely tree, by which thoſe Bayes I found:
and therewithall vnwittingly, I tooke ſo great a wound.
as if the tree by which I leane, dooth lend me no releiſe,
There is no help but downe I fall ſo great is growne my griefe.
and therefore at the laſt I craue, this fauour for to finde:
When euerie tree that here is tolde, begines to growe vnkinde.
the B. for beautie whome I boaſte, and ſhall aboue the reſt,
that B. may take me to her truſt, for B. doth pleaſe me beſt.
It likes me well to Walke the way where B. doth keep her bower,
and when it raines to B. I run, to ſaue me from the ſhower,
this branch of B. which heare I meane to keep and chiefly craue,
at beck vnto this B. I bow, to ſerue that beautie braue.
What ſhall I ſay the time doth paſſe, the tale too tedious is,
though loth to leaue, yet leaue I muſt, and ſay no more but this.
I wiſh this B. I might embrace, when as the ſame I ſee,
a league for life then I require, betweene this B. and me.
and though vnworthy, yet good will dooth worke the way heerin,
and B. hath brought the ſame about, which beautie did begin. Finis.

WHere griping griefe the heart would wound, & dolful dumps ỹ minde (oppreſſe
there muſick with her ſiluer ſound, is wont ẅ ſpeed to giue redreſſe,
Of troubled mindes for euerie ſore, ſweet muſick hath a ſalue in ſtore:
in ioy it makes our mirth abound in griefe it cheeres our heauy ſprites,
the carefull head relief hath found, by muſickes pleaſant ſweet delightes.
Our ſenſes, what ſhould I ſay more? are ſubiect vnto muſickes lore.
The Gods by muſick hath their pray, the foule therein dooth ioy,
For as the Romaine Poets ſay, in ſeas whom Pirates would deſtroy.
A Dolphin ſaued from death moſt sharpe, *Arion* playing on his Harpe.
Of heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as the ſtern doth rule the ſhip
O Muſick whom ỹ Gods aſſignde to comfort man, whō cares would nip,
ſith thou both man & beaſt doth moue, what wiſe mā then will thee reproue?

FINIS.

59. A Dialogue betweene the Author and his eye.

Aucthor.

My Eye why doſt thou light on that, which was not thine?
Why haſt thou with thy ſight, thus ſlaine an heart of mine?
O thou vnhappie Eye, would God thou hadſt beene blinde,
when firſt thou didſt her ſpie, for whom this griefe I finde.

Eye.

Why ſir it is not I, that doo deſerue ſuch blame,
Your fancie not your Eye, is cauſer of the ſame.
For I am readie preſt, as Page that ſerues your eaſe,
to ſearch what thing is beſt, that might your fancie pleaſe.

Aucthor.

I ſent thee forth to ſee, but not ſo long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guide.
thy meſſage being done thou mightſt returne againe,
So Cupid Venus ſonne, no whit my heart ſhould paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth ſway, there *Cupid* will be bolde,
And reaſon flyes away, from *Cupids* ſhaft of Golde.
If you finde eaſe thereby, ſome deale of painefull ſmart,
Alas blame not your eye, but blame conſent of heart.

Aucthor.

My heart muſt I excuſe, and lay the fault on thee,
Becauſe thy ſight did chuſe, when heart from thought was free:
thy ſight thus brought conſent, conſent hath bred my griefe,
and griefe bids me content, with ſorrowe for releefe.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

60. Finding no ioy he deſireth death.

The Cunnie in his Caue, the Ferret doth annoy,
and flying thence his life to ſaue himſelfe dooth he deſtroy:
His berrie round about beſet, with hunters ſnares.
So that when he to ſcape ſtartes out, is caught therein vnwares.
Like choiſe poore man haue I, to bide and reſt in loue,
Or els from thence to flye as bad a death to proue.
I ſee in loue no reſt, vnkindeneſſe doth perſue.
To rent his heart out of his breſt, which is a louer true.
And if from loue I ſtart, as one that loue forſakes,
then penſiue thoughtes my heart doth pearce, and ſo my life it takes.
then thus to flye or bide, harde is the choyſe to chuſe,

Sith death hath camp'd and trenght eche side, and saieth life now refuse.
Content I am therefore, my life therein to spend,
And death I take a salue for sore, my wearie daies to end.
and thus I you require, that faithfull loue profesſe,
When Carkaſſe cased in his cheſt, and body laide on hearſe.
Your brinish teares to saue, such as my course shall moue,
and therewith write vpon my graue, behold the force of loue.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Hope well and haue well.

IN hope the ship man hoiseth sayle, in hope of passage good,
In hope of health the sickeſt man, dooth suffer losse of blood.
In hope the prisonsr linkt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde,
Thus hope breedes health, and health breds ease, to euerie troubled minde,
In hope desire gets victorie, in hope great comfort springs.
In hope the Louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull stinges.
In hope we liue and may abide, such stormes as are assignde,
Thus hope bredes health, and health breds ease, to euerie troubled minde,
In hope we easily suffer harme, in hope of future time,
In hope of fruit, the paines seeme sweet, that to the tree doth clime.
hope of loue, such glorie growes as now by proofe I finde,
that hope breedes health, & health breedes ease, to euerie troubled minde.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

He requesteth some freendly comfort, affirming his constancie.

THe mountaines hye whose loftie toppes, doth meet the hautie skye,
The craggie rocke that to the sea, free passage doth denie.
The aged oake that doth resist, the force of blustering blast,
the pleasant hearbe that euerie where, a fragrant smell doth cast.
the Lions force whose courage stout, declares a princelike might,
the Eagle that of worthines, is borne of Kinges in sight.
The serpent eke whose poisoned tawes doth belch out venim vile,
The lothsome Tode that shunneth light, and lieth in erile.
These these I say, and thousandes more, by tract of time decay,
and like to time doe quite consume, and vade from time to clay.
But my true heart and seruice vow'd, shall last time out of minde,
and still remaine as thine by dome, as *Cupid* hath assignde.
My faith loe here I vow to thee, my troth thou knowest right well,
My goodes, my freends my life is thine, what need I more to tell.
I am not mine but thine I vow, thy hestes I will obay,
and serue thee as a seruant ought, in pleasing if I may.

And

And ſith I haue no flying wings, to ſee thee as I wiſh.
Ne finnes to cut the ſiluer ſtreames, as doth the gliding fiſhe.
Wherefore leaue now forgetfulneſſe, and ſend againe to me,
and ſtraine thy Azured vaines to write then I may greeting ſee.
And thus farwell more dere to me, then cheefeſt frend I haue,
Whoſe loue in heart I minde to ſhrine, till death his fee doth craue.

FINIS. *M. Edwards.*

He complaineth his miſhap.

SHall rigour raigne where ruth hath runne, ſhall fancie now forſake?
ſhall fortune looſe that fauour wonne, ſhall not your anger ſlake?
ſhall hatefull heart be had in you, that frendly did pretend,
ſhall ſlipper thought and faith vntrue, that heart of yours defend?
Shall nature ſhew your beautie faire, that gentle fæmes to be?
Shall frowardneſſe your fancies haire, be of more force then ſhe?
ſhall now diſdaine the dragge of death, direct and lead the way?
ſhall all the impes vpon the earth reioyce at my decay?
Shall this the ſeruice of my youth, haue ſuch reward at laſt?
Shall I receiue rigour of ruthe, and be from fauour caſt?
Shall I therefore berent my haires, with wightes that wiſh to die?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelfe with teares, to feed your freckle eye?
No, no I ſhall in paine lie ſtill, with turtle Doue moſt true?
And vow my ſelfe to wit and will, their counſells to enſue?
Good Ladies all that louers be, and that to be pretend?
Giue place to wit, and reaſon ſeeme, your enemies to defend.
Leaſt that you thinke as I haue thought, your ſelfe to ſtriue in vaine,
And ſo be in thraldome brought with me to ſuffer paine.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

No foe to a Flatterer.

IF Would it were not as I thinke, I thinke it were not ſo:
I am not blind although I winke, I feele what windes do blowe.
I knowe where craft with ſmiling cheare, creepes into bouldned breſt,
I heare how fained ſpeeche ſpeake faire, where hatred is poſſeſt.
I ſee the ſerpent lye and lurke, vnder the græne alowe,
I ſee him watch a time to worke, his poyſon to beſtowe.
In frendly looke ſuch frauds is founde, as faith for feare is fled,
And frendſhip hath receiu'd ſuch wound as he is almoſt dead.

And hatefull hart with malice great so boyles in cancked minde,
That flatterie fleacing in the face, had almost made me blinde.
But now I see all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet such freendes as they professe, as now by proofe I trye,
Though secret spight by craft, haue made a coate of Panters skin,
And thinkes to finde me in the shade, by slights to wrap me in.
Yet God be praised my eye is cleere, and can beholde the Sunne,
When falshood dare not once appeare, to end that he begun.
Thus time shall trie the thing amisse, which God shall shortlie send,
and turne the hart that faigned is, to be a faithfull friend.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

His comparison of Loue.

THe spider with great skill, dooth trauell day by day,
His limmbes no time lye still, to set his house in stay.
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therein to raigne,
a blast of winde vnthought, doth daine it downe againe.
The proofe whereof is true, to make his woorke indure
He paines himselfe a new, in hope to dwell more sure,
And in some secret place in corner of a wall,
He frameth himselfe a place to build and rest withall.
His pleasure swete to stay, when he to rest is bent:
an vgly shamble Flye approcheth to his tent,
and there intends by force, his labours great to winne,
Or els to yeelde his course, by fatall death therein.
Thus is the spiders nest from time to time throwne downe,
and he to labour prest, with endlesse paine vnknowne.
So such as Louers bee, like trauaile do attaine,
Those endlesse woorkes yee see, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

A Louers ioye.

I Haue no ioy but dreame of ioy, and ioy to think on ioy,
A ioye I haue withstood, to finish myne annoy.
I hate not without cause alas, yet loue I know not why,
I thought to hate I cannot hate, although that I should die.
A foe most swete, a freend most sower, I ioye for to imbrace,
I hate the wrong and not the wight, that wrokt my woefull case.
What thing is it, I know not I, but yet a thing there is.

That

That in my fancie ſtill perſwades, there is no other bliſſe.
The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it makes me fæle eche day,
But life nor death this humour can deuiſe to weare away.
Faine would I die but yet in death, no hope I ſee remaines,
And ſhall I liue? ſince life I ſee, a courſe of ſorry paines.
What is it then that I do ſeeke, what ioye would I aſpire
A thing that is deuine belike, to high for mans deſire.

FINIS *F. K.*

Euill to him that euill thinketh.

THe ſubtill ſlily ſlights, that worldly men do worke,
The friendly ſhowes vnder whoſe ſhade, moſt craft doth often lurk.
Enforceth me alas with yearnfull voice to ſay,
Woe worth the wilye heads, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decay.
The bird that dreads no guile, is ſooneſt caught in ſnare,
Eche gentle hart deuoide of craft, is ſooneſt brought to care.
Good nature ſooneſt trapt, which giues me cauſe to ſay,
woe worth the wyly heads, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decay.
I ſee the ſerpent vile, that lurkes vnder the greene,
How ſubtilly he ſhrouds himſelfe, that he may not be ſeene.
And yet his foſters bane, his learing lookes bewray,
Woe worth the wilye heads that ſeekes, the ſimple mans decaye.
Woe worth the feyning lookes, on fauour that do waite,
Woe worth the feyned frendly hart, that harbours deepe deceit.
woe worth the vipers broode, oh thrise woe worth I ſay,
all worldly wilye heads, that ſeekes the ſimple mans decaye.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

He aſſureth his conſtancie.

WIth painted ſpeech I liſt not proue, my cunning for to trye,
Nor yet will vſe to fill my pen, with guilefull flatterie,
With pen in hand and hart in breſt, shall faithfull promiſe make,
To loue you beſt, and ſerue you moſt, by your good vertues ſake.
And ſure Dame Nature hath you deckt with gifts aboue the reſt,
Let not diſdaine a harbour finde, within your noble breſt.
For Loue hath led his law alike, to men of eche degree,
So ſhall the begger with the Prince, shall loue as well as he.
I am no Prince I muſt confeſſe, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a brutiſh begger borne, that fedes among the ſwine.
The fruit ſhall trie the tree at laſt, the bloſſomes good or no,
Then do not iudge of me the worſſe, till you haue tried me ſo.

As I deserue so then reward, I make you Iudge of all,
If I be false in word or deede let lightning thunder fall.
And furies fell with frantick fittes, bereaue and stay my breath,
For an example to the rest, if I shall breake my faith.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Complayning of his mishap to his friend, he complaineth wittely.

A. THe fire shall freese, the frost shall frie the frozen mountaines hye.
B. What straunge thing hath Dame Natures force, to turne her course (away?
A. My loue hath me left and taken a newe man.
B. This is not strange, it haps oft times the trueth to scan.
A. the more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this strange? *B.* light loue will change,
A. By skilfull meanes I her recliame, to stoupe vnto my lure,
B. Such haggerd Haukes will soare away, of them who can be sure:
A. With siluer bells and hoode, my ioy was her to decke,
B. She was full gorgde, she would the sooner giue the check.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. who thought she would, flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Her chirping lips would chirpe to me, sweete words of her desire,
B. Such chirping birds who euer saw, to preach still on one brier.
A. She saide she loued me best, and would doo till she die.
B. She saide in wordes she thought it not, as time dooth trie.
A. The more in my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine,
A. Who thought she wold flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit,
A. Is not this strannge, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Can no man win a woman so, to make her loue endure,
B. To make the Fore his wiles to leaue, what man will put in vre.
A. Why then there is no choice, but all women will change.
B. As men do vse, so some women doo loue to range.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her loue then refraine.
A. Who thought she would flit, *B.* eche one that hath wit.
A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light loue will change.
A. Sith slipper gaines falles to my lot, farewell that gliding pray,
B. Sith that the Dice dooth run awry, betimes leaue of the play.
A. I will no more lament, the thing I may not haue:
B. Then by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
A. Loue will I refraine, *B.* therby thou shalt gaine.

A. With loſſe I will leaue, *B.* ſhe wili thee deceiue,
A. That is not ſtrange, *B.* then let her range.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

No paines comperable to his attempt

LYke as the doleſull Doue delights alone to be,
And dooth refuſe the bloomed braunch, chuſing the leafeleſſe trée
whereon wayliug his chaunce, with bitter teares beſprent,
Doth with his byll, his tender breaſt, oft pearſe and all to rent.
Whoſe greeuous gronings tho. whoſe gripes of pinching paine,
Whoſe gaſtly lookes, whoſe bloody ſtreames out flowing from eche vaine
Whoſe falling from the trée, whoſe panting on the ground,
Examples be of mine eſtate, though there appeare no wound.

FINIS. VV. Hunnis.

He repenteth his follie.

ALack when I looke back, vpon my youth thats paſt,
And deepely ponder youth offence, and youths reward at laſt
With ſighes and teares I ſay, O God I not denie,
My youth with follie hath deſerued, with follie for to die.
But yet if euerie ſinfullman, might mercie moue to ruth.
Good Lord with mercie do forgiue, the follies of my youth.
In youth I randge the fields, where vices all did grow,
in youth alas I wanted grace, ſuch vice to ouerthrowe.
in youth what I thought ſweete, moſt bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with follie keepe me blinde.
Yet as the Eagle caſts her bill, whereby her age renueth,
So Lord with mercie do forgiue, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. *VV. Hunnis.*

No pleaſure without ſome paine.

HOw can the trée but waſte and wither away,
That hath not ſometime comfort of the Sunne:
How can that flower but vade and ſone decay,
That alwaies is with darke clouds ouer runne,
is this a life? nay death you may it call:
That feeles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at all.
What foodeleſſe beaſt can liue long in good plight,
Or is it life where ſences there be none?

Or

Or what auaileth eies, without their sight,
Or els a tongue to him that is alone.
Is this a life? nay death you may it call:
that fœles each paine, and knowes no ioy at all,
Whereto serues eares if that there be no sound
Or such a head where no deuice doth grow:
But all of plaintes, since sorrow is the ground,
Whereby the heart, doth pine in deadly woe.
Is this a life? nay death ye may it call,
that feeles each paine and knowes no ioy at all.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

The fruit of fained freendes.

In choise of friends, what hap had I to chose one of *Sirens* kind, (blinde,
Whose harp, whose pipe, whose melodie, could feed my eares & make me
Whose pleasant voice made me forget, that in sure trust is great deceit.
In trust I see is treason found and man to man deceiptfull is,
and whereas treasure dooth abound, of flatterers there doo not misse.
Whose painted speech and outward show, do seeme as frendes & be not so
Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the *Crocadill*,
Which if a man a sleepe may see, with bloody thirst desires to kill.
and then with teares a while gan weep, the death of him thus slaine a sleep,
O fauell false, thou traitor borne, what mischeefe more might thou aduise
then thy deere frend to haue in scorne, and him to wound in sundry wise,
Which still a frend pretends to be, and art not so by proofe I see.
Fie, fie vpon such treacherie. *W.H.*
If such false shippes doo haunt the shore,
Strike doune the sayle and trust no more. *M. Edwards.*

A Dialogue betweene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. SHall I no way win you to grant my desire?
B. What woman will graunt you the thing you require?
A. You onely to loue me, is all that I craue,
B You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
A. my deere alas now say not so,
B. To loue you best I must say no.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* do still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* be shrew me than.

M. The

A. The swifter I follow, then you flie away,
B. Swift Hawkes in their flying, oft times misse their pray.
A. yet some killeth deadly, that fly to the marke,
B. you shall touch no feather, therefore take no carke.
A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
B. You blow the coales and raise no fire.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B.* doo still, *A.* yet kill not, *B*, I will not,
A, Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. To loue is no danger where true loue is ment,
B. I will loue no ranger least that I repent.
A. My loue is no ranger, I make God a vow,
B. to trust your smoth sayinges I sure know not how.
A. Most trueth I meane, as time well shall trie,
B No truth in men, I oft espie.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit.
A. I will, *B* doo still, *A.* yet kill not, *B* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. Some women may say nay, and meane loue most true:
B. Some women can make fooles of as wise men as you.
A. In time I shall catch you, I know when and where,
B. I will soone dispatch you, you shall not come there.
A. Some speedes at length, that oft haue miss,
B. I am well arm'd come when you list.
A. Yet will I not flit, *B.* then play on the bit,
A I will, *B* doo still, *A.* Yet kill not, *B.* I will not:
A. make me your man, *B.* beshrew me than.

A. Yet worke your kinde kindely graunt me loue for loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue.
A. Most true you shall finde me, I this doo protest.
B. then sure thou shalt binde me, to graunt thy request.
A A happie threed now haue I spunne,
B. you sing before the conquest wun.
A. Why then will you swarue? *B.* euen as you deserue,
A. Loue still, *B.* I will, *A.* yet kill not *B* I will not.
A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than. Finis. *Al. Edwards.*

Exclaiming vpon his vnkinde Loue, his freend replyeth wittilie.

M. What death may be compared to Loue?
H. What greefe therein now dost thou proue?
M. My paines alas who can expresse?
H. I see no cause of heamesse.
M. My Ladies lookes my woe hath wrought,
H. Then blame thine eies that first hath sought.
M. I burne alas and blow the fire,
H. A foole consumes by his desire.
M. What shal I doe than? *H.* Come out if thou can.
M. alas I die, *H.* What remedie.

M, My sugred swæt is mired with gall,
H. thy Ladie cannot doe withall.
M. the more I sæke the lesse I finde,
H then striue not with the streame and winde.
M. her must I loue, although I smart,
H. With her owne sword thou slaiest thy heart.
M. Such pleasant baites, who can refraine,
H. Such baites will sure breed thee great paine,
M What shall I doe than? *H.* come out and thou can.
M. alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M Her golden beames myne eyes did daze,
H. Upon the Sunne thou maiest not gaze.
M. She might reward my cruell smart,
H. shs thinkes thou hadst a faigned heart.
M. She laughes to heare my wofull cries,
H. Forsake her then, in time be wise.
M. No, no alas that may not be,
H No wiseman then will pittie thee.
M What shall I doe than? *H,* come out and thou can,
M, Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M. A liuing death loe thus I proue,
H. Such are the fruites of froward loue.
M. O that I might her loue once gaine
H. Thy gaine would not halfe quite thy paine.

M. Her

M. Yet will I loue, though ſhe be coy,
H. A foole himſelfe will ſtill annoy.
M. Who will not die for ſuch a one?
H. Be wiſe at length let her alone.
M. I cannot doo ſo, *H.* then be thine owne foe,
M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

FINIS. *E. S.*

The complaint of a Louer, wearing Blacke & tawnie.

A Crowne of Baies ſhall that man weare,
That triumphes ouer me:
For Blacke and Tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be.

The more I follow one, the more ſhe fled away,
As *Daphne* did full long agoe, *Apollos* wiſhfull pray.
the more my plaints I do reſound, the leſſe ſhe pities me
the more I ſought, the leſſe I found, ỹ mine ſhe ment to be.
Melpomene alas, with dolefull tunes help than,
And ſing *Bis*, woe worth on me forſaken man.
Then *Daphnes* baies ſhall that man weare, that triumphes ouer me,
For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be.

Drowne me with trickling teares, you wailefull wightes of woe,
Come helpe theſe handes to rent my haires, my ruſull hap to ſhowe,
Of whom the ſcorching flames of loue, doth fæd you ſee,
Ah a lalalantida, my dære dame hath thus tormented me.
Wherefore you muſes nine, with dolefull tunes help than,
And ſing *Bis*, woe worth on me forſaken man.
then *Daphnes* baies ſhall that man weare, that triumphes ouer me,
For blacke and tawnie will I weare, which mourning colours be,

An ankers life to lead, with nailes to ſcratch my graue,
Where earthly wormes, on me ſhall fæde, is all the ioyes craue.
and hide my ſelfe from ſhame, ſith that mine eyes doo ſæ,
Ah a lalalantida my dære dame hath thus tormented me.
And all that preſent be, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And ſing *Bis*, woe worth on me forſaken man.

FINIS. *E. O.*

Finding no reliefe, he complaineth thus.

IN queſt of my beliefe, I finde diſtreſſe,
in recompence of loue, moſt dæp diſdaine:

My languour such as words may not expresse,
A shower of teares my waterie eye dooth raine.
I dreame of this, and do define of woe,
I wander in the thoughts of my sweete foe.
I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frost:
I lie alow yet mounts my minde on hie,
thus doubtfull stormes my troubled thoughts haue tost.
And for my paine, this pleasure do I proue,
I hate my selfe and pine in others loue.
The world I graspe, yet hold I nought at all,
At libertie I seeme in prison pent:
I taste the sweet more sower then bitter gall,
My ship seemes sound, and yet her ribs be rent.
And out alas on Fortune false I crye,
Looke what I craue, that still she doth denie.
Both life and death be equall vnto me,
I do desire to die, yet craue I life:
My wits with sundrie thoughts do disagree,
My selfe am with my selfe at mortall strife.
As warmth of Sunne dooth melt the siluer snow,
The heat of loue, behold consumes me so.

FINIS. *H. Hil.*

Written vpon the death of his especiall good friend Maister *Iohn Barnabe*, who departed this life at *Bensted* in the countie of *Southampton*, the 25. of Ianuarie, 1579. *Aetatis.* 79

MYne owne good Father thou art gon, thine eares are stopt with clay,
Thy ghost is fled, thy bodie dead, thou hearest not what I say.
Thy dearest freends may sigh and sob, thy children crie and call,
Thy wife may waile and not prevaile, nor do thee good at all.
Though reason would we should reioyce, and trickling teares restraine,
Yet kindlinesse and friendlinesse, enforce vs to complaine.
Thy life was good, our losse the more, thy presence cheard our hart,
Thy lacke and absence turnd therefore, our solace into smart.
I found thee both a kindlie friend, and friendlie Father too,
Barnabie lacks breath, O cruell death, and couldest thou part vs two?
But death derides my wofull wordes, and to my saying saith,
Lo, thus foolish wight I did but right, I force no frend nor faith.

The

The Lord of life, and Lord of death, my threatning hand did let,
Elſe when that he in cradle lay, I might haue claimde my debt.
His corpes ie clad with cods of earth, his ſoule doth ſoare on high,
Before the throne of God aboue, whoſe ſeruant he did die.
And thou his friend, and he his ſpouſe, and they his children ſhall,
Behold the Father, freend, and mate, whoſe abſence greeues you all.
But he nor can, nor will returne to thee, or her, or them,
For heauen is his, he liues in bliſſe, ye dwell with mortall men.
Ye dwell in darke and dreadfull den in priſon pent are ye,
He liues in light, and all delight, from thraldome franck and free.
Wiſh not that he ſhould come to you, for then yee do him wrong,
But wiſhe that yee may goe to him, the bleſſed Saints among.

FINIS. *H. D.*

Cœlum non ſolum.

IF care or ſkill could conquer vaine deſires,
Or reaſons raignes, my ſtrong affection ſtay:
Then ſhould my ſighes, to quiet breſt retire,
And ſhun ſuch ſighes as ſecret thoughts bewray.
Uncomely loue which now lurks in my breſt,
Should ceaſe my griefe, though wiſdomes power oppreſt.
But who can leaue to looke on Venus face,
Or yeeldeth not to Iunos high eſtate?
What wit ſo wiſe, as giues not *Pallas* place?
Theſe vertues rare, ech Gods, did yeelde a mate.
Saue her alone who yet on earth dooth raigne,
Whoſe beauties ſtring, no God can well deſtraine.
What worldly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onelie ſighes muſt make his ſecret mone:
A ſilent ſute, doth ſeeld to grace aſpire.
My hapleſſe hap, dooth roule the reſtleſſe ſtone.
yet *Phœbe* faire, diſdaine the heauens aboue,
To ioye on earth, her poore Endimions loue.
Rare is reward, where none can iuſtlie craue,
For chaunce is choyce, where reaſon makes no claime,
yet luck ſometimes, diſparing ſoules dooth ſaue,
A happie ſtarre, made Giges toy attaine.
A ſlauiſh Smith of rude and raſcall race,
Found meanes in time to gaine a Goddeſſe grace.

Then loftie Loue thy ſacred ſailes aduaunce,
My ſighing ſeas ſhall flow with ſtreames of teares:
Amidſt diſdains, driue foorth thy dolefull chaunce,
A valiant minde no deadly danger feares.
Who loues aloft, and ſets his harte on hie.
Deſerues no paine, though he do pine and die.

FINIS. *E. O.*

A Louer reiected, complaineth.

THe trickling teares that falles along my chæckes,
The ſecret ſighes that ſhowes my inward græfe:
The preſent paines perforce, that loue aye ſæckes,
Bids me renue my cares without releæfe.
in wofull ſong, in dole diſplaye,
My penſiue hart for to bewray.
Bewray thy græfe, thy woefull hart with ſpæde,
Reſigne thy voice, to her that cauſde thæ woe:
with irkſome cries, bewaile thy late doone dæde,
For ſhe thou loueſt is ſure thy mortall foe,
and helpe for thee, there is none ſure,
But ſtill in paine thou muſt endure.
The ſtricken Deere hath helpe to heale his wound,
The haggard Hauke, with toyle is made full tame:
The ſtrongeſt tower, the Canon layes on ground,
The wiſeſt wit that euer had the fame.
Was thrall to loue, by Cupids ſleights:
then weigh my cauſe, with equall wights.
She is my ioy, ſhe is my care and woe,
She is my paine, ſhe is my eaſe therefore,
She is my death, ſhe is my life alſo,
She is my ſalue, ſhe is my wounded ſore.
in fine ſhe hath the hand and knife,
That may both ſaue and end my life.
and ſhall I liue on earth to be her thrall?
and ſhall I ſue and ſerue her all in vaine?
and kiſſe the ſteppes that ſhe let fall.
and ſhall I pray the Gods to keepe the paine,
From her that is ſo cruell ſtill?
No no, on her worke all your will.

And

And let her feele the power of all your might,
And let her haue her moſt deſire with ſpéede:
And let her pine away both day and night,
and let her mone, and none lament her neede.
And let all thoſe that ſhall her ſee,
Deſpiſe her ſtate and pittie me.

FINIS. *E. O.*

Not attaining to his deſire, he complaineth.

I Am not as I ſeeme to be, for when I ſmile I am not glad,
a thrall although you count me free, I moſt in mirth moſt penſiue ſad.
I ſmile to ſhade my bitter ſpight, as Haniball that ſaw in ſight,
His Country ſoyle, with Carthage towne, by Romaine force defaced down.
and Cæſar that preſerued was, with noble *Pompeis* princely head,
as t'were ſome iudge to rule the caſe, a floud of teares he ſeemd to ſhed.
although in deede it ſprung of ioye, yet other thought it was annoy,
Thus contraries be vſed I finde, of wiſe to cloke the couert minde.
I Haniball that ſmiles for griefe, and let you Cæſars teares ſuffice,
The one that laughs at his miſchiefe, the other all for ioy that cries.
I ſmile to ſee me ſcorned ſo, you weepe for ioy to ſee me woe.
And I in hart by loue ſlaine dead, preſents a place of *Pompeis* head.
O cruell hap and hard eſtate, that forceth me to loue my foe,
accurſed be ſo foule a fate, my choice for to preſire it ſo.
So long to fight with ſecret ſore, and finde no ſecret ſalue therefore,
Some purge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in paine do breath my (winde.

FINIS. *E. O.*

A yong Gentleman willing to trauell into forraine parts, being intreated to ſtay in England. Who wrote as followeth.

WHo ſeekes the way to win renowne,
Or flieth with wings of high deſire:
Who ſeekes the way to winne renowne,
Or hath the minde that would aſpire,
Let him his natiue ſoyle eſchew:
Let him goe range, and ſeeke anew.
Eche hautie hart is well content,
With euerie chance that ſhall betide,
No hap can hinder his intent.
Ye ſtedfaſt ſtands, though Fortune ſlide.

The

The sunne saieth he doth shine aswell,
abroad as erst where I did dwell.
In change of streames each fish can liue,
Each foule content with euerie ayre:
The noble mindes each where can thriue,
and not be drownd in deep dispaire.
wherefore I iudge all landes alike,
to hautie hearts that Fortune sorte.
To tosse the seas some thinkes a toyle,
some thinke it strange abroad to rome:
some thinke it griefe to leaue their soyle,
Their parents, kinsfolkes, and their home.
thinke so who list I like it not,
I must abroad to trie my lot.
Who list at home at Carte to Drudge:
and carcke and care for worldly trashe,
With buckled shoe let him go trudge,
in steed of launce a whip to swash.
A minde thats base himselfe will showe,
A carrion sweet to feed the Crowe.
If *Iason* of that minde had been,
Or wandring Prince that came from *Greece*:
The golded fleece had been to winne,
And Priams Troy had bin in blisse.
though dead in deedes and clad in clay,
their worthy Fame will nere decay.
The worthies nine that were of mightes,
By trauaile winne immortall praise:
if they had liued like Carpet knightes,
Consuming idely all their daies.
their praises had been with them dead,
Where now abroad their Fame is spread.

FINIS.

No ioy comparable to a quiet minde.

In loathsome race, pursued by slipperie life,
Whose sugred guile, with glittering toy present:
The carefull ghoast oppressed sore with strife,
Yeldes ghastly groanes from paineful passions frent.

The

The ſinfull fleſh that beares him here in beiwe,
Inſteed of life, dooth dreadful death purſue.
The way he ſeth by touch of merites grace,
Wherein to runne alas he gladly would:
But filthy fleſh, his wretched dwelling place,
Dooth ſo rebell, at that which doo he ſhould,
that ſillie ſoule, who feedes his heauie need,
Can onely will, but naught performe in deed.
Thy will through grace doth oft deſire the good,
But all in vaine, for that the fleſhly foe
Yeldes forth ſuch fruites, as ſinnes hath bred in bud,
and blindely ſuckes the ſap of deadly woe.
Eſteeming ſhewes of fickle fancies knowne,
And ſcorning fruite by grace, eternall ſowne.
Though eye doth ſee that death doth ſwallow all,
Both life and luſt, and euerie ſound delight:
Yet wretched fleſh through ſinne is made ſo thrall,
that nought it markes apparant things in ſight.
that might him traine, to care of better grace:
Both doth him bale, with greedy luſt imbrace.
Then ſince deſert, and all things weare away,
That nought remaine, but fruite of grace or ſinne:
God build in vs ſuch conſcience as can ſay,
this fruite not mine, but ſinne that dwell in me.
For why to ſinne, I dayly doo in ſight:
that vnto Chriſt I may reuiue my ſpright.

Finis. Q. *Candiſhe.*

That loue is requited by diſdaine.

IN ſearche of thinges that ſecret are, my mated muſe began.
What it might be, moleſted moſt the head and minde of man.
the bending browe of Princes face to wrath that doth attend,
Or want of Parentes, wife or childe, or loſſe of faithfull freend.
the roaring of the Cannon ſhot, that makes the peece to ſhake,
Or terrour ſuch as mightie *Ioue* from heauen aboue can make.
All theſe in fine may not compare experience ſo doth proue,
Unto the torments ſharpe and ſtrange, of ſuch as be in loue.
Loue lookes aloft, and laughes to ſcorne, all ſuch as griefe anoy,
the more extreame their paſſions be, the greater is his ioy.

Thus loue as victour of the feeld, triumphes aboue the reſt,
and ioyes to ſee his ſubiectes lye, with liuing death in breſt.
But dire diſdaine lets driue a ſhaft, and gaules this bragging foole,
Ye pluckes his plumes vnbendes his bowe, and ſets him new at ſchoole.
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conquerour ouer all,
Now yeeldes himſelfe vnto diſdaine, his vaſſall and his thrall.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Of a contented eſtate.

IN wealth we ſee ſome wealthie men abound in wealth moſt wealthily,
in wealth we ſee thoſe men againe, in wealth doe liue moſt wretchedly.
and yet of wealth hauing more ſtore,
then earſt of wealth they had before.
Theſe wealthy men do ſeeme to want, they ſeeme to wanty moſt they haue
the more poſſeſſe, the more they craue, the more they craue the greater ſtore
the moſt they haue, they thinke but ſcant,
yet not content woe be therefore,
The ſimple men that leſſe wealth haue, with leſſer wealth we ſee content,
Content are they twixt wealth and ſcathe a life to lead indifferent.
and thus of wealth theſe men had more:
then thoſe of which we ſpoke before.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Being diſdained he complaineth.

IF freendleſſe faith, if guiltles thought may ſheeld,
if ſimple trueth that neuer ment to ſwarue,
if deere deſire accepted fruit doe yeelde,
if greedy luſt, in loyall life doo ſerue,
Then may my plaint, bewaile my heauie harme:
that ſeeking calme, haue ſtumbled on the ſtorme.
My wonted cheare Eclipſed by the Cloude,
Of deep diſdaine, through errour of report:
if wearie we enwrapped in the ſhrowde,
Lies ſlaine by tongue, of the vnfreendly ſort.
Yet heauen and earth and all that nature wrought,
I call to bowe of my vnſpoted thought.
No ſhade I ſeeke in parte to ſheeld my tainte,
But ſimple trueth, I hunt no other ſute:
O, that I gape, the iſſue of my plainte,

If that I quaile, let iuſtice me conſute.
If that my place amongſt the guiltleſſe ſort,
Repay by doome my name and good report.
Goe heauy hearſe, purſued deſired grace,
Where pitie ſhrinde in cell of ſecret breſt:
Awaites my haſte, the rightfull lot to place,
and loathes to ſee the guiltleſſe man oppreſt.
Whoſe vertues greate, hath crowned her more with fame
Then Kingly ſtate, thought largely ſhine the ſame.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Of the meane eſtate.

THe higher that the Cedar tree vnto the heauens doo grow,
The more in danger is the top, when ſturdie windes gan blow.
Who iudges them in princely throne, to be deuoide of hate,
Dooth yet not knowe what heapes of ill, lies hid in ſuch eſtate.
Such dangers great, ſuch gripes of minde, ſuch toyle do they ſuſtaine,
that often times of God they wiſh, to be vnkingd againe.
For as the huge and mightie rockes, withſtand the raging ſeas.
So kingdomes in ſubiection be, whereas dame fortune pleaſe.
Of brittle ioy, of ſmiling cheare, of honie mirt with gall,
Alotted is to euerie Prince, in freedome to be thrall.
What watches long, what ſlepes vnſure, what greef and care of minde,
What bitter broiles, what endleſſe toyles, to kingdomes be aſſignde.
The ſubiect then may well compare with Prince for pleaſant daies,
Whoſe ſilent night bringes quiet reſt, whoſe ſleppes no ſtorme bewraies.
How much be we then bound to God, who ſuch prouiſion makes,
to lay our cares vpon the Prince, thus dooth he for our ſakes.
to him therefore let vs lift vp onr hearts, and pray amaine:
That euerie Prince that he hath plaſte, may long in quiet raigne.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Of a contented minde.

WHen all is done and ſaide, the end thus ſhall you finde,
The moſt of all dooth bathe in bliſſe, that hath a quiet minde.
And cleere from worldly cares, to deeme can be content:
The ſweeteſt time of all this life in thinking to be ſpent.
The body ſubiect is to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of miſhaps, is caſuall euerie hower.

And death in time, dooth change it to a clod of claye,
When as the minde which is deuine, runnes neuer to decay.
Companion none is like vnto the minde alone,
For many haue bœne harmde by speech through thinking fewe or none.
Fewe oftentimes restraineth words, but makes no thoughts to cease,
And he speakes best that hath the skill, when for to holde his peace.
Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsemen at the graue,
But vertues of the minde, vnto the heauens with vs we haue.
Therefore for vertues sake, I can be well content,
The swœtest tims of all my life, to dœme in thinking spent.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Trye before you trust.

TO counsaile mine estate abandonde to the spoyle:
Of forged frœndes, whose grosest fraude, is set with finest foyle.
To verifie true dealing wights, whose trust no treason treades:
And all too deare the acquaintance be, of such most harmefull heads.
I am aduised thus, who so dooth frœnd, frœnd so,
As though to morrow nert he fear'd, for to become a foe.
To haue a faigned freende, no perrill like I finde,
Oft flearing face may man tell best, a mischiefe in the minde.
A paire of Angelles eares oft times, dooth hide a Serpents hart,
Vnder whose gripes who so dooth come, too late bewailes the smart.
Wherefore I do aduise, who so doth frœnde, frœnd so,
As though to morrow nert he fear'd, for to becomis a foe.
Refuse respecting freendes, that countlie know to faine,
For golde that winnes, for golde shall loose the selfe same freend againe.
The Quaile nœdes neuer feare, the Fowlers nets to fall,
If he would neuer bend his eare, to listen to hi call,
Therefore trust not too soone, but when you frœnd, frœnd so.
As though to morrow nert you fearde, for to become a foe.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

He renounceth all the affects of Loue.

LYke as the Hart that lifteth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds that hath him in the chase:
Dooth casts the winde in dangers ann in feares,
With flying foote to passe away apace.
So must I flye, of Loue the vaine pursuite:
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the fruite.

And

And I alſo moſt loth thoſe leuring lookes,
where loue dooth lurke ſtill with his ſubtile slight:
with painted mockes, and inward hidden hookes,
To trappe by truſt, that lieth not in waite.
The end whereof, aſſaye it who ſo ſhall,
Is sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.
And I muſt ſlye with Syrian ſonges,
Wherewith that Circes Vliſſes did inchaunt:
Theſe wily wattes, I meane with filed tungs,
that harts of ſteele haue power to daunt.
who ſo as Hauke that ſtoopeth to their call,
For moſt deſert, receiueth leaſt of all.
But woe to me that firſt beheld thoſe eyes,
The trappe wherein I ſay that I was tane,
And outward ſalue, which inward me deſtroyes,
Whereto I runne as rat vnto her bane.
As to the fiſh ſometime it dooth befall:
that with the baite dooth ſwallow hooke and all.
Within my breaſt wherewith I dayly feede,
the vaine repaſt, of amorous hot deſire:
with loyetring luſt, ſo long that hath me feddе,
till he hath brought me to the flaming fire.
in time as Phœnix endes her care and carkes.
I make the fyre, and burne my ſelfe with ſparks.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Bethinking himſelfe of his end writeth thus.

When I behold the Beare, my laſt and poſting horſe,
That beare ſhall to the graue, my vile and carren coarſe:
then I ſaye ſilly wretch, why doſt thou put thy truſt:
in things thats made of clay, and ſoone will turne to duſt:
Dooſt thou not ſee the yong, the hardie and the faire:
That now are paſt and gone, as though they neuer were:
Dooſt thou not ſee thy ſelfe draw howrely to thy laſt:
As ſhaftes the which are ſhot, at birds that flieth faſt:
Dooſt thou not ſee how death dooth ſtrike through with his Launce,
Some by warre, ſome by plague, and ſome by worldly chaunce:
what thing is there on earth, for pleaſure that was made:
But goeth more ſwift away, than dooth the Sommer shade:

Loe heere the Sommer flower, that ſprung this other day,
But winter withereth as faſt, and bloweth cleane away.
Euen ſo ſhalt thou conſume, from youth to loathſome age,
For death he dooth not ſpare, the Prince more then the Page,
Thy houſe ſhall be of clay, a clot vnder thy head,
Vntill the latter day, the graue ſhall be thy bed.
vntill the blowing trump, dooth ſay to all and ſome:
Riſe vp out of thy graue, for now the iudge is come.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

Being in loue he complaineth.

Eforſt by Loue and feare, to pleaſe and not offend,
Within the words you would me write, a meſſage I muſt ſend.
a wofull errand ſure, a wretched man muſt write,
a wretched tale, a wofull head, beſeemeth to indite.
For what can he but waile, that hath but all he would,
and yet that all is nought at all, but lack of all he ſhould.
But lack of all his minde, what can be greater greefe,
That haue and lack, that likes him beſt, muſt needes be moſt miſchiefe.
Now foole what makes thee waile, yet ſome might ſay full well,
That haſt no harme but of thy ſelfe, as thou thy ſelfe canſt tell.
To whom I aunſwere thus, ſince all my harmes do grow,
Vpon my ſelfe, ſo of my ſelfe, ſome hap may come I trow.
And ſince I ſee, both hap and harme betides to me,
For preſent woe my after bliſſe, will make me not forget thee.
Who hath a fielde of golde, and may not come therin,
Muſt liue in hope till he haue force, his treaſure well to winne.
Whoſe ioyes by hope of dread, to conquer or to looſe:
So great a wealth dooth riſe, and for example dooth diſcloſe.
To winne the golden Fleece, ſtood Iaſon not in dread,
Till Medeas hope of health, did giue him hope to ſpede.
Yet ſure his minde was much, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no hap but by your helpe, may hap for to reſtore.
The raging Bulles he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knew it might be brought to paſſe, they could do little harme.
Vnto whoſe grace yeeld he, as I doo offer me,
into your hands to hap, not like him for to be.
But as king *Priamus* did yeelde him to the will,
Of Creſſed falſe, which him forſooke with Diomede to ſpill.

So I to you commend my faith, and eke my ioye,
I hope you wil not be ſo falſe, as Creſſed was to Troy,
For if I be vntrue, her Lazars death I wiſh, (diſh,
And eke in thee, if thou be falſe, her clapper and her

FINIS. *R. L*

Being in trouble he writeth thus.

IN terrours trap with thraldome thruſt,
Their thrany thoughts to taſte and trie:
in conſcience cleare from cauſe vniuſt,
With carping teares did call and crye,
and ſaide O God yet thou art he,
that can and will deliuer me. Bis.

Thus trembling there with teares I trod,
To totter tide in truthes defence:
With ſighes and ſobs, I ſaide O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Leaſt that my foes might laugh to ſee,
That thou wouldſt not deliuer me. Bis.

My ſoule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne:
and did bewaile the loſſe it wanne,
With loathſome life, ſo long forlorne,
and ſaide O God yet thou art he,
that can and will deliuer me. Bis.

then comfort came with clothes of ioy,
whoſe ſeames were faithfull ſtedfaſtnes:
and did bedeck the naked boy,
that earſt was full of wretchednes:
and ſaide be glad for God is he,
That ſhortly will deliuer thee.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

Being troubled in minde writeth as followeth.

THe bitter ſweate, that ſtraines my yelded hart,
the careleſſe count, that dooth the ſame embrace:
the doubtfull hope to reape my due deſert,
The penſiue path, that guides my reſtleſſe race,
are at ſuch warre, within my wounded breſt:
as dooth bereue my ioy, and eke my reſt,

My grædy will, that ſeekes the golden gaine,
My luckleſſe lot, dooth alway take in woꝛth.
My mated minde that dreades my ſutes in vaine,
My pitious plaint, dooth helpe to ſet it fooꝛth.
So that betweene two waues of raging Seas,
I driue my daies, in troubles and diſeaſe.

My wofull eyes do take their cheefe delight,
To fæde their fill vpon the pleaſant maze.
My hidden harmes that growe in me by ſight:
With pining paines do driue me from the gaze,
And to my hope, I reape no other hire,
But burne my ſelfe and I doe blow the fire.

FINIS. *I. Haywood.*

Looke or you leape,

IF thou in ſuretie ſafe wilt ſit,
if thou delight at reſt to dwell,
Spend no moꝛe woꝛdes then ſhall ſæme fit,
Let tongue in ſilence talke erpell.
in all thinges that thou ſæſt men bent,
Sæ all, ſay nought, holde thæ content.

In woꝛldly woꝛkes degrees are thꝛee,
Markers, doers, and lookers on,
The lookers on haue libertie,
Both the others to iudge vpon,
Wheꝛefoꝛe in all, as men are bent,
Sæ all, ſay nought, holde thæ content.

The markers oft are in fault found,
The doers doubt of pꝛaiſe oꝛ ſhame.
The lookers on finde ſureſt ground,
They haue the fruit, yet fræ from blame.
This dooth perſwade in all heere ment,
Sæ all, ſay nought, holde thæ content.

The pꝛouerb is not South and Weſt,
Which hath been ſaid long time agoe:
Of little medling commeth great reſt,

The buſie man neuer wanted woe,
The beſt way is in all worldes ſent:
Sees all, ſay nought, holde thée content.

FINIS. *I Haywood,*

A deſcription of the worlde.

WHat is the worlde a net to ſnare the ſoule,
A maſſe of ſinnn, a deſert of deceipt:
A momentes ioy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for fleſh a lothſome baite.
Vnto the minde a canker worme of care.
Vnſure, vniuſt, in rendring man his ſhare.

A place where pride ore-runnes the honeſt minde,
Where rich menioynes, to rob the ſhiftleſſe wretch,
Where bribing miſſes dow blinde the Iudges eyen,
Where Paraſites the fatteſt crumes doo catch.
Where good deſerts which chalenge like reward,
Are ouer blowen with blaſtes of light regarde.

And what is man, duſt ſlime, a puſe of winde,
Conceiu d in ſinne, plaſte in the worlde with griefe:
Brought vp with care, till care hath caught his minde,
and then till death vouchſafe him ſome reliefe.
Day yea nor night his care doth take an end,
To gather goodes for other men to ſpend.

Oh fooliſh man that art in office plaſte,
Thinke whence thou camſt, and whether thou ſhalt goe
The ſtoutie okes ſmall winds haue ouercaſt,
When ſlender weedes, in roughteſt weather growe.
Euen ſo pale death, oft ſpares the wretches wight,
and woundeth you, who wallowe in delight.

You luſtie youthes that nouriſh high deſire,
Abaſe your plumes which makes you looke ſo big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiers ſteed will trie,
Euen ſo the Clarke, the Parſons graue dooth dig.
Whoſe hap ſo is, yet here long life to winne,
Doeth heape God wot, but ſorrow vpon ſinne.

And to be short all sortes of men take heede,
The thunder bolte the loftie towers teare:
The lightening flash, consumes the house of reed,
Yea more, in time all earthly things wil weare
Saue onely man, who as his earthly time is,
Shall liue in woe, or els in endlesse blisse.

FINIS. G. Gask.

A wittie and pleasant conceite.

WHat fonde delight? what fancies strange,
what deep dispight? what sodaine change?
What stilling strife? what deep debates,
Do runne so rife in doltish pates.

Who vicious and sees and takes no heede,
Who seekes degrees, and cannot speed:
In steed of ioyes shall reap such woes,
as braid annoies twixt frends and foes.

Who wiuing wants and liues alone,
When thriuing scantes is ouerthrowne,
Who seekes to thriue and finde no way,
May chaunce to striue and marre the play.

Who spendes his wealth and winnes the wine
Doth hurt himselfe, and help the swine.
Who hunts the house where ale is sold,
May gaine a crust and loose his golde.

Who spinnes by spight and raeles by woe,
Who takes delight in roling so:
Doth dubbe himselfe a drousie head,
and brings a drousie foole to bed.

Who rides aloft, and cannot rule:
Who sits not soft and keepes his stoole,
Doth both content themselues with wrong,
But wise men will not vse it long.

FINIS. I. H.

The

Of Daintie Deuises.

The complaint of a Sinner, and sung by the Earle of *Essex* vpon his death bed in *Ireland*.

O Ly heauenly God, O Father deere, cast downe thy tender eye,
Vpon a wretch, that prostrate here, before thy face doth lie:
O poure and precious eyle of grace, into my wounded heart,
O let the droppes of mercie swage the rigour of my smart.

My fainting soule surpressed sore, with carefull clogge of sinne,
In humble sort submittes it selfe, thy mercy for to winne:
Graunt mercy then, O Sauiour sweete, to me most wofull thrall,
Whose mournfull crie, to thee O Lord, doth still for mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despis'd, vpon a stubberne minde,
And to the sway of worldly thinges my selfe I haue inclinde:
Forgetting heauen and heauenly powers, where God & Saintes do dwell,
My life had like to tread the path, that leades the way to hell.

But now my Lord, my Lodestarre bright, I will no more doe so:
To thinke vpon my former life, my heart doth melt for woe.
alas I sigh, alas I sobbe, alas I do repent,
That euer my licencious will, so wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore, with careful plaint I do thy mercie craue,
O Lord for thy great mercie sake, let me thy mercie haue:.
Restore to life the wretched soule, that els is like to die,
So shall my voice vnto thy name sing praise eternally.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne:
and blessed be the holy Ghost, by whom all thinges are done:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my soule may haue, in heauen a dwelling place.

Finis.

The fruite that springes from wilfull wittes, is ruth and ruines rage:
And sure what head'le youth committes, repentance rues in rage.

I Rage in restlesse youth, and ruines rule my daies,
I rule (too late) my restlesse youth, by rules of reasons waies.
I ranne so long a race, in search of surest way:

That leasure learnd me tread, the trace that leades to lewd decay.
I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained bitte,
That now with proofe of after paine, I waile my want of wit.
I trifled foorth the time, with trust to selfe conceits,
Whilst plenties vse prickt foorth my time, to seeke for sugred baites.
wherein once learnd to finde, I found so sweete a tasse,
That due foresight of after spœde, selfe will esteemed waste.
which will through wilfulnes, hath wrought my witlesse fall.
And hœdelesse youthes vnskilfulnes, hath lapt my life in thrall.
Whereby by proofe I know, that pleasure brœdeth paine:
and he that euill sœde dooth sooe, euill fruite must reape againe.
Let such therefore whose youth, and purses are in prime,
Foresee and shun the helpelesse ruth, which sues vnspent of time.
For want is nert to waste, and shame dooth sinne ensue,
Euill spœding proofe, hath hœdelesse haste, my selfe hath prooued it trus.
when neigbbours nert house burnes, tis time thereof take hœde,
For Fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, which change of chances brœde.
My saile hath bœne aloft, though now I beare but lowe,
who climes so high seld falleth soft, deadst ebbe hath highest flowe.

FINIS. q. Yloop.

Maister *Edwardes* his I may not.

IN May by kinde Dame Nature wills, all earthlie wights to sing,
in May the new and coupled foules, may ioy the liuely spring.
in May the Nightingall, her notes dooth warble on the spray,
in May the birdes their mossie nestes, do timber as they may.
in May the swift and turning Hart, her bagged bellie slakes,
in May the little sucking Wattes, doo play with tender flare.
All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remeue,
I sorow in May, since I may not, in May obtaine my Loue.

The stately Hart in May dooth mue, his olde and palmed beames,
His state renewes in May, he leapes to view Apollos streames.
in May the Bucke his hornedtops, dooth hang vpon the pale,
in May he seekes the pastures greene in ranging oueme Dale.
in May the vglye speckled Snake, dooth cast her loathsome skinne,
in May the better that he may increase the scalye skinne.
All thinges in May I see, they may reioyce like Turtle Doue,
I sorow in May since I may not, in May obtaine my loue.

Now

Now may I mourne in fruitfull May, who may or can redreſſe,
my May is ſorrow, ſince ſhe that may, withholdes my May a freſh.
Thus muſt I play in pleaſant May, till I may May at will,
With her in May, whoſe May my life, now may both ſaue and ſpill.
Contented hartes that haue your hope, in May you may at large,
Unfolde your ioyes erpell your cares, and baſke in pleaſures barge.
Saue I alone in May, that may lament for my behoue,
I mourne in May, till that I may, in May obtaine my loue.

FINIS.

The complaint of a ſorrowfull ſoule.

O Soueraigne ſalue of ſinne, who dooſt thy ſoule behold,
That ſeekes her ſelfe from tangling faultes, by ſtriuing to vnfolde.
What plea ſhall I put in, when thou dooſt ſummons ſend,
To iudge the people of the earth, and giue the world an end.
When euerie deede and word, yea eueric ſecret thought,
in open view of all the world, ſhall vnto light be brought.

So many Iudges ſhall againſt me ſentence giue,
As by example of good workes, hath taught how I ſhould liue.
So many pleaders ſhall confound my carefull caſe,
As haue in one by ſound aduiſe, ſought to engraft by grace.
So many ſhall that time, againſt me witneſſe beare,
As haue beheld my fruitleſſe faith, and ſaw my ſinnes appeare.

Whereon whiles I do muſe, in my amazed minde,
Froward thoughts, familiar foes, moſt fierce aſſaults I finde.
My conſcience to my face, dooth flatlie me accuſe
my ſecret thoughts within my cares, did whiſper ſtill theſe newes.
mine auerice and briberie, my pride dooth brag me downe,
mine enuie frets me like a file, at other folkes renowne.

Concupiſcence inflames, and luſtes my limmes infect,
my meat dooth burthen, and my drinck my weakenes dooth detect.
my ſlaunders rend my fame, ambition dooth ſupplant,
my greedineſſe is not content, but makes me waile for want.
my mirth but flatterie is, my ſorrowes are vnkinde,
With pleaſures runne me out of breath, and greefes ſuppreſſe my minde.

Behold my God, whose might may me a freeman make,
These were my freendes, whose counsels curst, I was content to take.
These were the lawlesse Lordes, whom I did serue alway,
These were the maisters whose mad hestes, I did too much obay.
Beholde my faultes most foule, which follie first did frame,
in louing them I should haue loathed, whence breedeth all my bane.

Now doo I looke aloft, with bashfull blushing face,
On glorie thine, that so I may discerne my owne disgrace.
my many spottes and great, must needes increase my guilt,
Unlesse thou wash them in thy blood, that for my sake was spilt.
Forgiue the faultes O Lord, which I from hart repent,
And graunt my daies to come, may be in thy sweete seruice spent.

FINIS. *I. Haywood.*

Alluding his state to the prodigall childe.

THe wandring youth whose race so rashly runne,
Hath left behinde to his eternall shame:
The thriftlesse title of the prodigall Sonne,
To quench remembrance of his other name.
may now deuide the burthen of his blame,
With me whom wretchlesse thoughts entised still:
To tread the tracte of his vnrulie will.

He toke his childes part, at his fathers hands,
Of Gods free grace, his gifts I did receiue:
He trauailed far in many forraine lands,
my restlesse minde, would neuer raging leaue.
False queanes did him of all his coine bereaue,
Fonde fancies stuft my braine with such abuse:
That no good hap could secke to any vse.

They draue him out, when all his pence was spent,
my lures left me, when strength with age was worne.
He was full faine, a Farmers hogs to tend:
my life misled, did reape deserued scorne,
Through hunger huge, wherewith his trips were torne.
He wisht for swaddes, euen so wisht I most paine,
in fruitlesse pleasure, fondly to remaine.

Now

Now to come home with him, and pardon pray,
my God I ſay, againſt the heauens and thee,
I am not worthie, that my lippes ſhould ſay:
Behold thy handie worke and pittie me.
Of mercie yet my ſoule from faults ſet free.
To ſerue thee heere till thou appoint the time,
Through Chriſt, vnto thy bleſſed ioyes to climbe.

FINIS. *I. Heywood*

AT LONDON.
Printed by *E. A.* for *Edwarde VVhite.*, dwelling at the little North doore of Paules Church, at the Signe of the Gunne.
Anno. 1596.